

FRONTISPIECE.



MOMUS AND HIS COMPANTONS.  
*Let Mirth and Wine go round.*

T H E  
IRISH NOSEGAY:  
O R, *D. Rockford*  
SONGSTER'S COMPANION.

BEING A  
SELECT COLLECTION

OF THE NEWEST AND BEST

S O N G S

OF EVERY SPECIES, AND ADAPTED TO PERSONS  
OF EVERY KIND OF TASTE.

Together with the  
Most approved CANTATAS, SONNETS, and AIRS,  
*As sung at the Theatres and Public Gardens.*

A L S O

A Variety of Country-Dances, Toasts, Sentiments, &c.

---

" Here for the CHOICEST SPIRITS flows Champagne,  
" Whose sparkling Atoms shoot thro' ev'ry Vein ;  
" Here flow for MARTIAL MINDS Potations strong,  
" And sweet Love Potions for the FAIR and YOUNG ;  
" For you, my HEARTS of OAK ! for your Regale,  
" Here's good old IRISH STINGO, mild and stale."

GARRICK.

---

D U B L I N :

Printed by P. WOGAN, on the OLD-BRIDGE.

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M.DCC.LXXXIX.





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A FAVORITE  
S E A S O N G.

**I** SAIL'D in the good ship the Kitty,  
With a stiff blowing gale and rough sea,  
Left Polly the lads call'd so pretty,  
Safe here at an anchor Yo Yea, &c.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,  
And cry'd, now be constant to me;  
I told her not to be down-hearted,  
So up with the anchor Yo Yea, &c.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,  
And storm came on weather and lee,  
The hope I with her should be harbor'd,  
Was my cable and anchor Yo Yea, &c.

And yet, my boys would you believe me,  
I returned with do rhino from sea;  
My Polly wou'd never receive me,  
So again I heav'd anchor Yo Yea, &c.

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T H E

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THE

# IRISH NOSEGAY.

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*J. W. W. W. W.*

## THE WILD MORTALS.

**W**ERE ever so many wild mortals before,  
Got together in frolic, and born to be merry,  
There are friars and nuns, and old grey beards in store,  
From this side and that side, and both sides the ferry.  
All met at this place,  
At the call of her Grace,  
Whose worth and good nature sure every one knows;  
Then dance, sing and play,  
As long as you may,  
Joy and health to the Ducheſs wherever ſhe goes.

Let envy and malice be baniſh'd this night,  
No party-work done for to croſs our gay hearts:  
In mirth and good humour then let us delight,  
And all join in playing our whimſical parts.  
There's Leinſter's great Duke,  
I know by his look,  
Fitzgerald and Lenox united in one;  
Then ſay what they will,  
He's Hibernia's friend ſtill,  
Strike up then your tabor as loud as you can.

A

WHE?

## WHEN WILLIAM AT EVE.

WHEN William at eve meets me down at the stile,  
 How sweet is the Nightingale's song!  
 Of the day I forget all the labour and toil,  
 Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.  
 By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,  
 And believe ev'ry word of his song:  
 You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,  
 Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

---

## ORIGIN OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,  
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,  
 Merry Menus among them appear'd as a guest,  
 Homer says the Celestials lov'd laughing.  
 This happen'd 'fore Chaos was fix'd into form,  
 While nature disorderly lay;  
 While elements adverse engender'd the storm,  
 And uproar embroil'd, the loud fray.  
 On ev'ry Olympic the Humourist droll'd,  
 So none could his jokes disapprove;  
 He sung, repartee'd, and some odd stories told,  
 And at last thus began upon Jove:  
 Sire—Mark how yon Matter is heaving below,  
 Were it settled 'twould please all your Court;  
 'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless you know;  
 Pray people it, just for our sport.  
 Jove nodded assent, all Olympus bow'd down,  
 At his Fiat creation took birth;  
 The cloud-keeping Deity smil'd on his throne,  
 Then announc'd the production was Earth.

To honour their Sov'reign each God gave a boon ;  
 Apollo presented it Light :  
 The Goddess of Child-bed dispatch'd us a Moon,  
 To silver the shadow of Night.

The Queen of soft-wishes, foul Vulcan's fair bride,  
 Leer'd wanton on her Man of War ;  
 Saying, as to these Earth-folks I'll give them a guide,  
 So she sparkled the Morn and Eve Star.

From her cloud, all in spirits, the Goddess up sprung,  
 In ellipsis each Planet advanc'd ;  
 The Tune of the Spheres the Nine Sisters sung,  
 As round Terra Nova they danc'd.

E'en Jove himself could not insensible stand,  
 Bid Saturn his giraffe fast bind,  
 The Expounder of Fate grasp'd the Globe in his hand,  
 And laugh'd at those Mites call'd mankind.

From the hand of great Jove into space it was hurl'd,  
 He was charm'd with the roll of the ball,  
 Bid his daughter Attraction take charge of the world,  
 And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,  
 Saw with rapture hills, vallies, and plains ;  
 The self-balanc'd orb in an atmosphere bound,  
 Prolific by suns, dew, and rains.

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,  
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear,  
 What was fit for each clime on each clime she bestow'd,  
 And Freedom she found flourish'd here.

The blue-ey'd celestial, Minerva the wife,  
 Ineffably smil'd on the spot ;  
 My dear, says plum'd Pallas, your last gift I prize,  
 But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.

Licentiousness Freedom's destruction may bring,  
 Unless prudence prepares its defence ;  
 he Goddess of Sapience bid this take wing,  
 And on Britons bestow'd Common-Sense.

Four Cardinal Virtues she left in this isle,  
 As guardians to cherish the root ;  
 The blossoms of Liberty gaily 'gan smile,  
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty so rare,  
 Oh preserve it as pure as 'twas giv'n ;  
 We will while we've breath, nay we'll grasp it in death,  
 And return it untainted to Heav'n.

### ORIGIN OF FACTION.

IN his't'ries of Heathens, by which Tutors train us,  
 The salt-water Sovereign is call'd OCEANUS ;  
 His spouse was deliver'd, by man-midwife Triton,  
 Of this sea-girt island, his fav'rite Britain.

The Naiads were Nurses, old Trident declar'd,  
 To embellish his offspring no pains should be spar'd :  
 By flying fish drawn, to Olympus he drove,  
 And petition'd the Gods, that his suit they'd approve.

Quoth Jupiter, I'll make it King of the Sea :  
 Avast ! reply'd Neptune, pray leave that to me :  
 I'll guard it with shoals, and I'll make their lad Seamen,  
 Strong Hercules hollow'd out, I'll make 'em Freemen.

And what will you make, Venus whisper'd to Mars ?  
 Why I'll make all soldiers that Nep. don't make tars.  
 Momus smil'd, as that droll always merrily means ;  
 He begg'd they'd go partners, and make 'em marines.

Quoth Saturn, much time I'll allow 'em for thinking ;  
 Buck Bacchus reply'd no, allow it for drinking :  
 But Mercury answer'd a fig for your Wine,  
 The art of Time-killing by Card-playing's mine.

By



By Styx, quoth Apollo, but Hermes you're bit ;  
 'Gainst Gaming I'll send 'em an antidote—Wit :  
 In England, laugh'd Modus, Wit no one regards.  
 Save that sort of Wit that's in—Playing your Cards.

Well, well, reply'd Phœbus, I'll mend their conditions,  
 I'll teach 'em to fiddle, and send them Physicians,  
 'Mong Fidlers, quoth Momus, true Harmony's scarce ;  
 And as to your Doctorship—Physic's a Farce.

Says Venus, I'll people this Island with Beauties,  
 And tempt Married-men to be true to their duties.—  
 You to Married-men's duty a friend ! bawl'd out Juno.  
 You're a strumpet, you slut, and that I know and you  
 know.

Then turning to Jove, who look'd pale, she began—  
 I'll spoil your olympical gift-giving plan :  
 Herself not consulted, she vow'd she would wrong us,  
 Blew a Scold from her mouth, and sent Party among  
 us.

God Bacchus, to counterpoise Juno's rash action,  
 Commanded Silenus to seize upon Faction ;  
 Swift flitted the Fiend, the old toper outsped,  
 While Semele's son sent a Flask at his head.

The Imp, by the blow, speechless fell to the ground ;  
 May Wine thus for ever foul Faction confound :  
 Unanimity ! that, that's the Toast of our Hearts,  
 'I though no Partymen here—Here's to all Men of Parts;

---

### TALLY-HO! A HUNTING SONG.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,  
 Who delight in the joys of the field,  
 Mankind tho' they blame, are as eager as you,  
 And no one the contest will yield ;



His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,  
 A hunting continually go;  
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,  
 With, hark forward! huzza! tally-ho!

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,  
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed;  
 The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,  
 And rides to the common full speed;  
 The patriot is thrown in pursuit of the game,  
 The poet too often lies low;  
 Who mounted on Pegasus flies after fame,  
 With, hark forward! huzza! tally-ho!

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep,  
 Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown:  
 How oft do they Decency's bounds overleap,  
 And the fences of Virtue break down?  
 Thus public or private, for pension or place,  
 For amusement, for passion, for show,  
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,  
 With, hark forward! huzza! tally-ho!

---

### JOCKEY.

MY Laddie has gang'd far away o'er the plain,  
 Where in sorrow behind I'm forc'd to remain;  
 Tho' blue-bells and violets the hedges adorn,  
 Tho' trees are in blossom and sweet blows the thorn;  
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,  
 There's nothing can please now my Jockey's away.  
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,  
 Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

When the lads and their lasses are on the green met,  
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,  
 Contented and happy, their hearts full of glee,  
 I can't without envy their merriment see,

Those

Those pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not there,  
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share,  
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,  
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,  
 He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here;  
 Oh! fond expectation, my wishes I'll feast,  
 For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste!  
 Then farewell each care; and adieu each vain sigh;  
 Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I?  
 I'll sing on the meadows and alter my strain,  
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

### DANS VOTRE LIT.

DANS votre lit, my Fanny, say;  
 When past the busy hours of day,  
 Say and let me happy be,  
 To find you sometimes think on me.

Dans votre lit.

For whether absent or in view,  
 My thoughts are fondly bent on you;  
 When in my dreams I'm full of glee,  
 And in my arms embracing thee.

Dans votre lit.

But soon as dawn appears, my fair,  
 The blissful vision's lost in air,  
 Consent, and you shall quickly see;  
 'Twill make it sweet reality.

Dans votre lit.

The soft confession make, my fair,  
 And with it glad my raptur'd ear;  
 And in return I'll swear to thee  
 Ten thousand worlds I'd give to be.

Dans votre lit.

## THE PARSON.

A PARSON who had a remarkable foible,  
Of minding the bottle much more than the bible,  
Was deem'd by his neighbours to be less perplext,  
In handling a tankard than handiing a text.

Derry down.

Perch'd up in his pulpit one Sunday, he cried,  
Make patience, my dearly beloved—your guide;  
And in your distresses, your troubles, and crosses,  
Remember the patience of Job in his losses.

Derry down.

The parson had got a stout cask of strong beer,  
By way of a present—no matter from where,  
Suffice it to say, it was toothsome and good,  
And he lov'd it as well as he did his own blood.

Derry down.

While he the church service in haste rambled o'er,  
The hogs found a way thro' the old cellar door;  
And by the strong scent of the beer-barrel led,  
Had knock'd out the spiggot or cock from its head.

Derry down.

Cut spouted the liquor abroad on the ground.  
The unbidden guests quaff'd it merrily round;  
Nor from their diversions, or merriment ceas'd,  
'Till every hog there, was as drunk as a beast.

Derry down.

And now the gave lecture and pray'rs at an end,  
He brings along with him a neighbouring friend,  
To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer,  
And taste his delightful October-brew'd beer.

Derry down.

The dinner was ready, and all was laid snug;  
Here, wife, says the parson, go fetch us a mug;

But

But a mug of what, he had scarce time to tell her,  
When—yonder, says she, are the hogs in the cellar!  
Derry down.

She ran, and returning, with sorrowful face,  
In suitable phrases related the case;  
He rav'd like a madman, about in the room,  
And then beat his wife, and the hogs, with the broom.  
Derry down.

Was ever poor fellow so pester'd as I?  
Quoth he, the slut makes all the house like a sty,  
How came you to lock your d——'d hogs in the kitchen?  
Is that a fit place to put cattle you b——h in?  
Derry down.

Lord! husband, said she, what a coil you keep here,  
About a poor beggarly barrel of beer;  
You should in your troubles, mischances, and crosses,  
Remember the patience of Job in his losses.  
Derry down.

A pox upon Job! cried the priest, in a rage,  
That beer, I dare say, was near ten years of age;  
But you're a poor ignorant jade, like his wife;  
For Job never had such a cask in his life.  
Derry down.

Now neighbours while at the poor vicar you grin,  
Your case, let me tell you's not better a pin;  
With goodness and wisdom, your theory back'd is,  
But you're, ten to one, knave and fool in your practice.  
Derry down.

---

## THE RACE.

AS the Farmer went over his corn ripen'd land,  
And counted the increase of his grain,  
Scarlet poppies he saw down the long furrows stand,  
Like soldiers, in lines on the plain.

A 5

Quoth

Youth he, though in Learning I am not well skill'd,  
 In mem'ry this maxim I'll keep,  
 Those weeds among wheat, shew when belly is fill'd  
 We have nothing to do but to sleep.

Each scene of creation that opes to our view,  
 Affords contemplation a theme,  
 A blossoms ename'll'd by drops of bright dew,  
 With Di'monds so Court-beauties beam.  
 See grape to grape swelling, transparent on vine;  
 That fruit is an emblem of bliss;  
 Balmy lip to lip Lovers as lusciously join,  
 And the nectar enjoy of a Kiss.

While Britons like Britons, dare English Taste own;  
 Success on our strength could depend;  
 We now, by importing enervate Lion Ton,  
 To impotent Idlers descend.  
 We wed without Love, we attempt without Powers;  
 And strengthless, and senseless, in swarms,  
 Insipid as butterflies basking on flowers,  
 The fribbles fill fine women's arms.

If Bacchus and Ceres were drove from Love's court,  
 Desire must frozen depart!  
 Roast Beef quantum suff. and take tantum rec Port,  
 They steal the main-spring of the Heart,  
 Could we Venus consult, why indeed so we may,  
 Since each circle a Venus supplies,  
 I'll back my opinion those beauties will say  
 A Milkop's the thing they despise.

The Elixir of Love in our full bottle view,  
 For Beauty's Lake Bumpers embrace;  
 While kept in this Training we can't but come through,  
 For Give and Take Plates in Love's Race.  
 Success to that meeting where each against each,  
 Well mounted push forward to win,  
 For third, fourth, or fifth heats, they rallying stretch,  
 And neck to neck nimbly come in.



## THE WORMS.

KEEP your distance, quoth King, who in lead Coffin  
lay,

As before him they lower'd a shrowdless old Clay ;

The Mendicant Carcase replied, with a sneer,

“ Mister Monarch, be still, we are all equal here.

“ Life's miseries long I was forc'd to abide,

“ By the Seasons fore pelted, fore pelted by pride :

“ And though clad in ermine, yet you've been distress'd,

“ Both our cares are now over—so let us both rest.”

A committee of worms, Manor Lords of the Grave,  
Overheard 'em, and wonder'd to hear the dead rave.

Quoth the Chairman, Dare mortals presume thus to prate,

When even we Maggots don't think ourselves great ?

“ Insane ostentations, who brag of their births,

“ Yet are but Machines, mix'd with aggregate earths :

“ They distinctions demand, with distinctions they meet

“ When we throw by the rich folks, as not fit to eat.

“ They are scurrv compounds of Debauch and Disease,

“ Putrefactions of Sloth, or Vice run to the Lees.

“ By Luxury's pestilence Health is laid waste :

“ And all they can boast is—They're poison'd in Taste.

“ 'Tis true, cries Crawlina, the Queen of the Worms,

“ They make upon earth immense noise with their  
“ forms ;

“ Pon-onner, with Beauties tho' so much I deal,

“ On not one in ten can I make a good meal.

“ When we chose to regale, on the dainties of charms

“ We formerly fed on necks, faces, and arms ;

“ Now varnish envenoms their tainted complexions,

“ A fine woman's features, spread fatal infections.



" Not a Worm of good taste, and ton ton, I dare vouch,  
 " A morsel of fashion-made Beauties will touch.  
 " A Quality Toast we imported last week—  
 " Two Maggots, my servants, dy'd eating her cheek."

Very odd, quoth a Critic, Worms hold such discourse.  
 Very odd, quoth the Author, that men should talk worse,  
 Like Reptiles, we crawl upon earth for a term,  
 Take wing for a while—then descend to a Worm.

Dan Pope declares all Human Race to be Worms ;  
 Maids, Misses, Wives, Widows, all Maggoty forms.  
 Out of Worms and worm-feeding, no more we'll repeat,  
 Here's a glass—To the dainty that's made for Man's  
                   meat.

---

### THE TOPSAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.

THE Topsails shiver in the wind,  
     The ship she casts to sea ;  
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind  
     Are, Mary, moor'd with thee :  
 For though thy sailor's bound afar,  
 Still love shall be his leading star.  
 Should landmen flatter when we're fail'd,  
     O doubt their artful tales ;  
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,  
     If love breath'd constant gales :  
 Thou art the compass of my soul,  
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.  
 Syrens in every port we meet,  
     More fell than rocks or waves ;  
 But such as grace the British fleet,  
     Are lovers, and not slaves ;  
 No foes our courage shall subdue,  
     Although we've left our hearts with you.

These

These are our cares, but if you're kind  
 We'll scorn the dashing main ;  
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,  
 The power of France and Spain ;  
 Now England's glory rests with you,  
 Our sails are full, sweet girls, adieu.

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### THE WAND'RING SAILOR.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,  
 A competence in life to gain ;  
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,  
 To find at last content and ease ;  
 In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,  
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard and thunders roll,  
 And shake the world from pole to pole ;  
 Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,  
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home ;  
 In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,  
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew  
 The early scenes of youth renew,  
 Tho' each his favourite fair will boast,  
 'Tis his the universal toast,  
 May we when toil and danger's o'er,  
 Cast anchor on our native shore.

---

### CAPTAIN DEATH.

THE muse and the hero together are fir'd,  
 The same noble views have their bosoms inspir'd,  
 As freedom they love, and for glory contend,  
 The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend,

And

And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath,  
To one British hero, 'tis brave Captain Death.

His ship was the Terrible! dreadful to see,  
His crew were as brave and as gallant as he,  
Two hundred or more was their good complement,  
And sure braver fellows to sea never went;  
Each man was determin'd to spend his last breath,  
In fighting for Britain and brave Captain Death.

A Prize they had taken diminish'd their force,  
And soon the good prize ship was lost in her course;  
The French privateer and the Terrible met,  
The battle begun, all with horror beset;  
No heart was dismay'd, each was bold as Macbeth,  
They fought for old England and brave Captain Death.

Fire, thunder, balls, battles were soon heard and felt,  
A fight that the heart of Bellona would melt;  
The shrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd with blood,  
And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the flood;  
The flood from the time of old Noah and Seth,  
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave Captain Death.

At last the dread bullet came wing'd with its fate,  
Our brave Captain dropt, and soon after his mate;  
Each officer fell and a carnage was seen,  
That soon dy'd the waves to a crimson from green;  
And Neptune rose up and he pull'd off his wreath,  
And gave it a triton to crown Captain Death.

Thus fell the strong Terrible, bravely and bold,  
But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold;  
The French were the victors, tho' much to their cost,  
For many brave French were with Englishmen lost;  
And this says old Time, from good queen Elizabeth,  
I ne'er saw the fellow of brave Captain Death.

## THE RISING AURORA.

THE rising Aurora now gilds the sweet morn,  
 And renders all eager to welcome the horn,  
 What thousands of transports the chase will impart;  
 When timorous Reynard we boldly will start.  
 Hence with your dull lovers who languish forlorn,  
 And sigh for their Cloe's, neglecting the horn;  
 We true jolly sportsmen at large ever rove,  
 And only the chasing engages our love.

The fresh blooming morn our presence invites,  
 To taste endless pleasures and rural delights,  
 Then why do we tarry when raptures await,  
 Or wishes to crown, and our bliss to complete?  
 How enticing the joys that arise from our game,  
 Haste hither, ye sportsmen, and seek after fame,  
 No longer let's dally, but swift let us fly,  
 What pleasure like joining the hounds in full cry?

Then onward, my heroes, and let us ne'er cease,  
 'Till wily old Reynard shall fall in the chase;  
 The sport's so enchanting, our hearts will delight,  
 While health and diversion together unite,  
 There, there he is yonder, huzza, rally-ho!  
 To steal away trying, yet fearing to go,  
 Now, now he is started, oh joyful surprize,  
 He pines, and he trembles, he pants, and he dies.

## THE SHOUT IS GONE FORTH.

THE shout is gone forth, hark the deep singing hound,  
 See the sport-loving high mettled steed spurn the ground,  
 View him bend his proud neck as he hears the loud horn,  
 And snort the sharp air of the frost breathing morn.

In an instant all nature is rous'd from her trance,  
 And the hills seem to fly, and the trees seem to dance,  
 These woodlands approach, and those forests retire,  
 With frantic delight ev'ry bosom's on fire.

On a brow the rapt peasant can trace the wild train,  
 Pour down the slop'd mountain and cover the plain;  
 Up the steep, in the stream, or amidst the scar'd flocks,  
 Who now regards perils of rivers or rocks.

We plunge in the lake, o'er the precipice fly,  
 With the game in full view and the pack in full cry:  
 What sportsman lacks courage, what coursers lack breath;  
 Or who feels fatigue when we're in at the death?

Nor here ends the pleasure, nor here ends the chase,  
 Ev'ry double we note, ev'ry danger retrace,  
 Recount in returning each peril we dar'd,  
 And point to each spot where the glory was shar'd.

We view the vast fragment, the whirlpool profound;  
 And glow with remembrance of acts so renown'd,  
 Then to Bacchus and Venus our prowess rehearse;  
 And deck'd ev'ry deed in the magic of verse.

### BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear  
 The main-mast by the board,  
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
 And love well stored,  
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,  
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,  
 In hopes on shore to be once more  
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,  
 The whistling winds that scud along,  
 And the surge roaring from below  
 Shall my signal be to think on thee,  
 And this shall be my song,  
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew  
 The mem'ry of their former lives,  
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,  
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,  
 I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee,  
 And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,  
 The burthen of my song shall be,  
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

---

## THE SECRET.

THE greatest skill in life,  
 For avoiding noise and strife,  
 Is to know when a man shall be dumb, dumb, dumb;  
 When a knave to gain his end,  
 Sift you to betray your friend,  
 Let your answer be only mum, mum, mum.

Would you try to persuade  
 A pretty, pretty maid,  
 As ripe as a peach or a plumb, plumb, plumb;  
 You've nothing more to do,  
 But to swear you'll be true,  
 And then you may kiss, but be mum, mum, mum.

BE



# BE MERRY TO-MORROW.

ALL you that are wise, and think life worth enjoying,  
 Or soldier, or sailor, by land or by sea,  
 In loving and laughing your time be employing;  
 Your glass to your lip, and your lass on your knee;  
 Come sing away, honeys, and cast off all sorrow!  
 Tho' we all die to-day let's be merry to-morrow;  
 A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow  
 A moment of Time to be joyous and free!

Chorus—Come sing away honeys, &c.

My lord and the bishop, in spite of their splendour,  
 When Death gives the call, from their glories must  
 part;

Your beautiful dame, when the summons is sent her,  
 Will feel the blood ebb from the cheek to the heart.  
 Then sing away, honeys, and cast off your sorrow;  
 Tho' you all die to-day, yet be merry to-morrow,  
 A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow  
 A cordial to cherish the sorrowful heart!

Then sing away honeys, &c.

For riches and honour, then why all this riot,  
 Your wrangling, and jangling and all your alarms?  
 Arrah! burn you, my honeys, you'd better be quiet,  
 And take, while you can, a kind girl to your arms:  
 You'd better be singing and casting off sorrow!  
 Tho' you all die to-day, sure, be merry to-morrow!  
 One moment to toy and enjoy her sweet charms!  
 You'd better be singing, &c.

---

## THE WEEK'S WORK.

MY wife she died last Saturday night,  
 I buried her on the Sunday;  
 I courted another, in coming from church,  
 And married again on Monday.

On Tuesday after, I stole a horse ;  
On Wednesday apprehended ;  
On Thursday I was try'd and cast,  
And to morrow the week will be ended.

---

# THE KENNEL RAKER.

THO' I sweep to and fro, old iron to find,  
Brass pins, rusty nails, they are all to my mind ;  
Yet I wear a sound heart true to great George our king ;  
And tho' ragged and poor, with clear conscience can  
sing,

Tho' I sweep to and fro, yet I'd have you to know,  
There are sweepers in high life as well as in low.

The statesman he sweeps in his coffers the blunt,  
That should pay the poor soldiers that honour do hunt ;  
The action, tho' dirty, he cares not a straw,  
So he gets but the ready the rabble may jaw.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

I'm told that the parson, for I never go  
To hear a man preach what he'll never stick to ;  
'Tis all for the sweepings he tips ye the cant,  
You might pray by yourselves else, depend Sirs, upon't.  
Tho' I sweep, &c.

One sweeps you from this life you cannot tell where,  
And what place you go to the doctor don't care,  
So he brings in his bill, your long purses to broach,  
Then he laughs in his sleeve as he rides in his coach,  
Tho' I sweep, &c.

Your counsel may plead, but pray what is it for ;  
His eye's on your sob, whilst he chatters the law,  
Tongue-padding he rakes ye and sweeps you quite clear,  
Of what's better than iron you need not to fear.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

But

But honesty's best in what station we are,  
 For the grand sweeper, Death, we can sooner prepare;  
 Your statesman, your parson, your physick and law,  
 When Death takes a sweep are no more than a chaw.  
 Tho' I sweep, &c.

### THE HEARTY FELLOW.

WITH a cheerful old friend, and a merry old song,  
 And a tankard of porter, I could sit the night long,  
 And laugh at the follies of those that repine,  
 Tho' I must drink porter while they can drink wine:

I envy no mortal, be he ever so great;  
 Nor scorn I the Wretch for his lowly estate;  
 But what I abhor, and deem as a curse,  
 Is meanness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then let us, companions, be cheerful and gay;  
 And cheerfully spend life's remainder away;  
 Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll despise,  
 For, the more we are envy'd the higher we rise.

### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and a the kye at  
 hame,  
 And all the weary world asleep is gane;  
 The waes o' my heart fall in showers fra my eye,  
 While my gude man sleeps sound by me.  
 Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his bride,  
 But saving a crown, he had naithing else beside,  
 To make the crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea,  
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.  
 He had nae been gane a year and a day,  
 When my father brake his arm, and our cow was stole  
 away;

My

My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,  
And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My faither could nae wark, and my mither cou'd nae  
spin,

I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd nae win,  
Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in his eye,  
Said Jeany for their sake, O pray marry me:  
My heart it fast hae, and I look'd for Jamie back,  
But the wind it blew hard, and his ship it was a wrack,  
His ship was a wrack, why did nae Jaeny dee,  
And why was she spai'd to cry wae's me.

My father urg'd me fair, but my mither did nea speak,  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,  
Sa they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,  
And auld Robin Gray was a gude mun to me:

I had nae been a wife, but weeks only four,  
When sitting sa mournfully out my ain door,  
I saw my Jamie's wreath, for I cou'd nae think it he,  
Till he said, love I'm comed hame to marry thee.

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,  
We took but ane kiss, and we tore ourselves away,  
I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee,  
O why was I born to say wae's me.

I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin,  
I dare nae think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin,  
But I'll da my best, a gude wife to be,  
For auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.

---

### MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,  
Will still desire to grow richer;  
Give me but these, I ask no more,  
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.

My

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,  
With such what mortal can be richer,  
Give me but these, a fig for care,  
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve  
To toil, a hedger or a ditcher,  
If that when I come home at eve,  
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.  
My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever fluns my door,  
I know not what can bewitch her;  
With all my heart can I be poor,  
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.  
M. friend so rare, &c.

# NOTHING AT ALL.

NOW since I have nothing to do,  
A story 'bout nothing I'll tell,  
I'll tell you what nothing does mean,  
How much it does something excel;  
How oft are we brought to a strife,  
How oft' do we quarrel and brawl,  
And if you're to know but the right,  
'Tis all about nothing at all.

Derry down, down, down, derry, down.

This world of nothing is made,  
And all that's contain'd therein,  
And, 'as it has often been said,  
Will come to nothing again;  
But trouble brings sorrow, you see,  
And sorrow brings trouble withall,  
And if any from trouble be free,  
It is he who has nothing at all.

Derry down.

The



The miser who lays up his pelf,  
In hopes to have an increase,  
He ne'er can enjoy it himself,  
Or have any blessing or peace ;  
For he that is ever so poor,  
A captive to death he must fall,  
And he that is ever so rich,  
At death he'll have nothing at all.

Derry down.

And he who has got a bad wife,  
At her husband to quarrel and brawl,  
She worries him out of his life,  
He'd better have none at all ;  
Whenever she spends her breath,  
Why then she'll surely fall,  
And after she's seiz'd by death,  
Why then she says nothing at all.

Derry down.

Then fill ev'ry glass to the brim.  
And let not one drop of it fall,  
And drink a good health unto him,  
Who sings about nothing at all ;  
For now my companions I pray,  
When you for the reck'ning do call,  
Have ev'ry one something to pay.  
For by Jove I'll pay nothing at all.

Derry Down.

# BRIGHT PHOEBUS HAS MOUNTED.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,  
And the horns and the hounds call each sportsman  
away,

Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now they  
bound,

While health, rosy health is in exercise found.

Hark away, hark away to the sound of the horn,

And Echo, blith Echo makes jovial the morn.

Each

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,  
 While pufs flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue,  
 Behold where she flies, o'er the wide spreading plain,  
 While the loud opening pack pursue her amain.

Hark away, &c.

At length pufs is caught, and lies panting for breath,  
 And the shout of the huntsman's the signal of death,  
 No joys can delight like sports of the field,  
 To hunting, all pastimes and pleasures must yield.

Hark away, &c

### FREE FROM THE BUSTLE, CARE AND STRIFE.

FREE from the bustle, care and strife,  
 Of this short variegated life,

Oh! let me spend my days  
 In rural sweetness with a friend,  
 To whom my mind I may unbend,  
 Nor censure heed or praise.

Riches bring cares, I ask not wealth,  
 Let me enjoy but peace and health,

I envy not the great,  
 'Tis these alone can make me blest,  
 The riches take of East and West,  
 I claim not these or state.

Tho' not extravagant or near,  
 But thro' the well chosen chequer'd year,

I'd have enough to live  
 To drink a bottle with a friend,  
 Assist him in distress, ne'er lend,  
 But rather freely give.

I too would wish to sweeten life,  
 A gentle kind good-natur'd wife,  
 Young, sensible and fair,  
 One who could live with me alone,  
 Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,  
 And sooth my ev'ry care.

Thus

Thus happy with my wife and friend,  
My life I cheerfully would spend  
With no vain thought oppress'd,  
If heav'n has bliss for me in store,  
O grant me this, I ask no more,  
And I am truly blest.

---

# TO THE GREENWOOD GANG WITH ME.

TO speer my love with glances fair,  
The Woodland ladie came,  
He vow'd he would be aw-sincere,  
And thus he spoke his flame :  
The morn is blythe, the May blooming fair,  
As fair as fair can be,  
To the greenwood gang, my lassie dear,  
To the greenwood gang with me.

Gang with me;

The lad I love is sa oppres'd,  
I cou'd na say him nay,  
He kiss'd my lips, my hand he press'd  
As tripping o'er the Bray :  
Dear lad, I cried, so trig and fair,  
As fair as fair can be,  
To the greenwood gang, my ladie dear,  
To the greenwood gang with me.

Gang with me.

The bridal-day is come to pass,  
Sic joy was never seen,  
And now I'm call'd the woodland lass,  
The woodland laddie's queen :  
I bless the morn so blithe and fair,  
I spake my mind so free,  
To the greenwood gang, my ladie dear,  
To the greenwood gang with me.

Gang w me.

## IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

IN the dead of the night, when all nature's at rest,  
 And mortals enjoy the calm blessings of rest,  
 Cupid rap'd at my window, I' oke at the noise,  
 Whose there, I reply'd, that disturbs my repose.

He answer'd so modest, so meek and so mild;  
 Dear ma'am, I'm a poor unfortunate child,  
 'Tis a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin,  
 I have lost my way, so pray let me in.

No sooner from cold and from wet he got ease,  
 Than taking his bow, he cried, ma'am if you please,  
 If you please, ma'am, I would by experiment know,  
 If the rain has damag'd the strings of my bow.

Then taking the quiver and arrow he drew,  
 Striking the string, twang went the bow,  
 'Tis gone, she reply'd, it has enter'd my heart,  
 No sting of a hornet e'er caus'd such a smart.

Away skip'd the urchin, as brisk as a bee,  
 And laughing, I wish you much joy, ma'am, says he,  
 My bow is undamag'd, through went the dart,  
 But you will have trouble enough with your heart.

## SILENUS AND CUPID.

CUPID sent on a message one evening by Venus,  
 As ill luck wou'd have it, was met by Silenus;  
 The big belly'd Sot ask'd the Urchin to play,  
 And the silly lad gam'd all love's weapons away.  
Derry down, &c.

His Bow from the Bubble, the old Gambler drew,  
 And into a crutch headed Stick turn'd the Yew:  
 The String was tough Catgut, Si. swore it was well,  
 A strong line he wanted, to ring his Bar Bell.

Love's

Love's Arrows were Cane, he divided the joints,  
 Pipe-stoppers the ends made, and Pick teeth the points;  
 The Feathers to brush down his table were clever;  
 And to a Tobacco-pouch turn'd the boy's Quiver.

For pipe lighting Marches he chose Billet-doux,  
 And away, at each puff went a Sonneteer's Vows!  
 His Tinder was drawn from the brains of the jealous,  
 And long-bottled Sighs he preserv'd for his Bellows.

Hermes took the lad home, told the story to Venus,  
 She dash'd down her tea-cup, and flew to Silenus:  
 Then threaten'd her Captain shou'd kick the old Clown;  
 But he laugh'd, and he smoak'd, and he sung Derry down.

She squeez'd his hard-hand, and his filthy beard stroak'd,  
 Nay kiss'd him, tho' with his tobacco fumes choak'd:  
 Then begg'd the boy's arms, but Si. swore with a frown,  
 He'd be damn'd if he gave them for her Derry Down.

She whipt her doves back, vastly piqued you may guess,  
 In Synod celestial demanded Redress;  
 Jove laugh'd at the jest, and he vow'd, by his Crown,  
 When Spouse rail'd hereafter he'd sing,—Derry down.

### M O R A L.

Ye Husbands, too fond, who are Feminine-fool'd,  
 And tamely, by Petticoat Government rul'd,  
 Resist your Wives Railings, their shrill trebles drown;  
 By smoaking, and singing of,—Down, derry down.  
Derry down, &c.

### T H E D I V O R C E.

NO more let defections of wedlock be blam'd,  
 To be sure of grave Cato you've heard:  
 In morals more strict not a man cou'd be nam'd,  
 Yet his Wife to a end he transferr'd.



In Rome they encourag'd no Trials crim. con.  
 In France, Cuckold-making's a Jest;  
 And, I trust, in few years, by the help of bon ton,  
 We shall be a polite as the best.

'Tis vastly immense! and most horridly low!  
 When a Month after Marriage is past,  
 That the husband shou'd be such a Fright not to know  
 His Lady's affections can't last.

For, broken in Fortune, and ruin'd in Health,  
 To patch up both Person and Purse,  
 His Honour addresses some Citizen's Wealth,  
 And the Daughter accepts, as his Nurse.

Too oft, for the sake of a Title impure,  
 Doom'd Beauty is forc'd from her vows,  
 To unite with a Blank, for upon the Grand Tour  
 Foreign Vice has disabled the Spouse.

In defence of the Fair, Satire openly stands,  
 And forbids the vague Spendthrifts to roam;  
 Wives have too much stock lying dead on their hands,  
 When Husbands are Bankrupts at home.

Censure no married Dame, as the trade's so decreas'd,  
 Heavy Interest, Principal clogs;  
 When Ladies have furnish'd an exquisite feast,  
 Must their dainties be thrown to the dogs?

Then Divorce,—but we laugh at such frivolous things,  
 Having here no intention to part:—  
 We are wed to our Wine; Wine regen'ates the springs  
 Of that self-moving muscle the Heart.

Though to Wine we are wed, yet we do not think fit  
 To be tied down for better for worse,  
 If our landlord Aultery dares to commit,  
 At once we demand a Divorce.

But at present I hope, with an Englishman's ease,  
 We enjoy both our Wine and our Wives;  
 By Liberty blest, with the pleasure to please,  
 We may live all the days of our lives.



## ENGLISH LITANY.

TO a Stage-Coach we aptly may liken this Nation;  
Where Passengers seldom are pleas'd with their station;  
But wrangling, and jangling, and jostling and jumbling,  
The Inside-folks grin, and the Outsides are grumbling.

The Inns they are in, and the Outs they are out;  
To be in is the Riddle, which makes all thi-rou.  
The Outs call the Ministry infamous elves;  
And the Inns, when they're out, say the same things  
themselves.

It is cunning Credulity ever enslaves;  
The world is a Hot bed, to raise Fools and Knaves:  
They pull this and that way, sometimes pull together;  
But common sense scorns to go partner with either.

My Country, my Freedom, and oh, my Religion!  
These tickle the ear, faith, like Mahomer' pigeon:  
'Tis the time's cant, the farce, the finesse of all ages,  
For what the best actors of, get the best wages.

Oh my Country! but hold, sir, on which side the  
Tweed?

Wa' worth tul your words, if ye dinna tak hede.  
We give praise to one side, the other abuse,  
Can the unborn their place of nativity chuse?

Off Prejudice, off, to Oblivion's cave;  
We boast we are Britons, as Britons behave:  
Can this, or that side of a stream alter nature?  
No,—wash those reflections away in the water.

Get, get is the cry now and get all ye can;  
If ye can get, get honestly; get, though's the plan.  
Get one thing, and, ev'ry thing else you'll obtain:  
For Honours are now humble servants to Gain.

The African Slave-dealers some may think base;  
But what must they think—if at home 'tis the case?

The Guinea Trade, here keeps a market 'tis certain;  
And Yes and No bought and sold; more's the mis-  
fortune.

When a Beauty's enjoy'd by a man of the Town,  
What he doated last week on, this week he'll disown,  
The self-sellers thus, become those people's scoff,  
Who first turn'd them prostitutes, then turn'd them off.

May they die as they liv'd, by all good men abhorr'd,  
We BRITONS BESEECH THEE TO HEAR US, GOOD  
LORD.

## R E A S O N.

WHAT the heart feels oppose to the phrases of schools,  
Sweet Sympathies prove the Philosophers fools.  
Can all the clasp'd volumes of learned men's seats,  
Be equal to clasping one Beauty in sheets?

Go, Instinct, call Reason, and hear what he'll say—  
The cowardly Tyrant keeps out of the way.  
Eolt the door then Desire; we'll birk him at least,  
He may pick up our Officials, and rail at the feast.

The union of Souls is a Task, words may try  
But Lover's Sensations, Description defy;  
To them only known, who voluptuously prove  
Affections Employment, the Phrenzy of Love.

But hark! who is that we hear hobbling up stairs?  
It is Reason, quoth Fancy;—Oh is it! who cares?  
He's welcome,—a chair there—I hope he'll sit down:  
As he enter'd I smil'd,—he return'd me a frown.

My Laff was before me, my Bottle between;  
In our look we rejoic'd we just now were not seen;  
But when Pleasure prompts, Reason always sneaks off;  
When over, he bully-like, enters to huff.

Just

Just like an old Watchman, the Goblin was dress,  
Gray hairs, pole and lanthorn, broad belt and long vest;  
Young fellow, quoth He, it is time you shou'd think.  
Old fellow, quoth I, it is time you shou'd drink.

I offer'd a Flask of Champaign, on my knee,  
And begg'd, as my Doctor, he'd drink for his fee;  
I prais'd his wife seeming,—my praises prevail'd;  
For flattery's a nostrum which never yet fail'd.

With Praises, with Bumpers, I ply'd him so long,  
That himself he forgot, and wou'd sing us a Song;  
Aye and dance, nay a wench he wou'd have, and he  
swore;

But attempting to rise, he fell drunk on the floor.

As I order'd a Bed, says my love-looking Fair,  
"As to Bed, my dear! Reason has no business there;  
"The Senses their title to that Manor prove,  
"Let Reason sleep on, while we waken to Love."

### THE MORAL.

Reason is but a Bugbear, to scare girls and boys,  
Wine and women, without him, Experience enjoys;  
That were worthy those Blessings, let Life's practice  
prove,

May we never want Reason for Drinking or Love.

### NUNC EST BIBENDUM.

NOW we're free from College Rules,  
From Common-place-book reason,  
From trifling syllogistic Schools,  
And Systems out of Season;  
Never more we'll have defin'd,  
If Matter thinks or thinks not;  
All the matter we shall mind,  
Is—he who drinks—or drinks not.

Metaphysic'ly

Metaphysic'ly to trace,  
 The Mind, or Soul abstracted ;  
 Or prove Infinity of Space,  
 By cause on cause affected ;  
 Better Souls we can't become  
 By immaterial thinking ;  
 And as to Space, we want no room,  
 But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,  
 Are learned words, and rare too,—  
 Those terms our Tutors may discuss,  
 And those that please may hear too.—  
 A Plenum in our Wine we show,  
 With Plus, and Plus behind, fir,  
 And when our Cash is minus low,  
 A Vacuum soon we find, fir.

Copernicus, the learned sage,  
 Dare Tycho's error proving,  
 Declares in—I can't tell what page—  
 The Earth round Sol is moving.  
 But which goes round, what's that to us ?  
 Each is, perhaps, a notion ;  
 With Earth, and Sun, we make no fuss,  
 But mind the Bottle's motion.

Great Galileo ill was us'd,  
 By Superstition's fury ;  
 Antipodeans were abus'd  
 By ignoramus jury.  
 But, feet to feet, we dare attest,  
 Nor fear a treatment scurv'y ;  
 For when we're drunk, probatum est,  
 We're tumbling, topsy turvy.

Newton talk'd of Lights and Shades,  
 And different Colours knew, fir:  
 Don't let us disturb our heads,—  
 We will but study two, fir.—

White and Red our glasses boast,  
 Reflection, and Refraction ;  
 After him we name our toast,—  
 “ The Center of Attraction.”

On that Thesis we'll declaim,  
 With stratum, super stratum ;  
 There's mighty magic in the name,  
 'Tis Nature's Postulatum.  
 Wine, in Nature's next to love ;  
 Then wisely led us blend 'em ;  
 First tho', physically prove,  
 That Nunc, nunc est bibendum.

### TO BE MERRY AND WISE.

TO be merry and wise is a proverb of old,  
 But a maxim so good can't be too often told ;  
 Then attend to my song, nor my council despise,  
 For I mean to be merry,——but merry and wise.

Ye bucks, who when toping such raptures express,  
 And yet the next day dismal proof of excess,  
 Avoid all extremes, and mark well my advice,  
 'Tis to drink and be merry——but merry and wise.

In women all lovely is center'd each bliss,  
 But let prudence give sanction, 'twill sweeten the kiss ;  
 If not beauty or folly your senses surprise,  
 You may kiss and be merry,——but merry and wise.

Then, ye toppers and rakes, who would lead happy  
 lives,  
 All excess avoid, and choose modest wives,  
 While prudence presides, it is thus I advise,  
 Love, and drink, and be merry,——but be merry and  
 wife.

THE



## THE UNION OF LOVE AND WINE.

WITH woman and wine I defy ev'ry care,  
For life without these is a bubble of air ;

For life without these, &c.

Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,  
And a new flow of spirits enliven my soul ;  
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn;  
I never shall alter my conduct for them ;  
I care not how much they my measures decline,  
Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,  
'Tis the spring tide of life, and the fuel of love ;  
And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,  
As when Mars bound his head with a branch from the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half divine,  
First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with wine ;  
Then giving and taking, in mutual return,  
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,  
My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love ;  
For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,  
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

## T H E D R E A M.

BY a whirlwind methought I through Æther was hurl'd,  
Electric 'mong Spirits of Air :  
Upborn by the clouds, we look'd down on the world,  
And odd exhibitions spy'd there.

England's



England's Genius was there, bearing Monarchy's crown,  
 In procession round Liberry Hall ;  
 Faction seiz'd her rich robe, Public Spirit pull'd down,  
 And Folly broad grin'd at her fall.

In weather-house plac'd, to denote foul and fair,  
 Two Figures were veering about ;  
 So pageant we saw, and we smil'd at their glare,  
 As they turn'd, with the Times, in and out.

The Methodists, mask'd with Hypocrisy's face,  
 Anathemas thunder'd aloud ;  
 So Jack Puddings joke with distorted grimace,  
 Benetting their Gudgeons,—the Croud.

Wit and Humour were there, drove from Dignity's  
 door,

That Supidity's coach might have room ;  
 Debauch we saw open Temptation's base store,  
 And Disease taint Simplicity's bloc

Stubborn Will against Prudence was waging a fight,  
 While Desire oppos'd Duty strong ;  
 The Passions confess'd Reason's Dictates were right,  
 Through themselves still resolv'd to be wrong.

A wonderful Troop towards Westminster bore :  
 What wonders there are 'mong mankind ;  
 In gilt chariots Lawyers paraded before,  
 On foot Justice follow'd behind.

Church Preferments we saw—but respect shall with-  
 stand

The abuse that's pour'd forth on the Cloth ;  
 Mock Jobbers and Statesmen we saw hand in hand,  
 And Pride stood at par between both.

Cent per Cent had laid siege to Integrity's head,  
 And Beauty was battering his heart ;  
 East India Success struck Humility dead,  
 And Title took Vanity's part,

Crafty

Crafty Care and pale Usury, two sleepless hags,  
Wealth o'erwhelm'd, yet untired with toil;  
Their heir, Dissipation, we saw at their bags,  
With Flattery sharing the spoil.

The myst'ries of Trade,—but no longer I'll dwell,  
On either the mighty or mean;  
From an Emperor's court to a Penitent's cell,  
Life's all the same laughable scene.

'Tis a pitiful piece, like a Farce in a Fair,  
Where shew, noise, and nonsense misrule,  
Where tinsel paradiſings make Ignorance stare,  
Where he who acts best is the Fool.

## I N D E P E N D E N C Y.

LET us laugh at the common distinction of State,  
When merely from Title, men hold themselves great;  
If Merit wins Honours, the wearers we praise,  
But only the Mean homage Heraldry's Blaze.

If you are a lineal descendant from Adam,  
Or spouse can collateral claim from his Madam;  
O'er acres of parchment, th' Pedigrees spread,  
Boast not how you're born, sir, but shew how you're bred.

Your laurels display, which your forefathers won;  
We allow they did great things, but what have you done?  
The Cover, the Stubble, your Conquests proclaim,  
And your Country's preserv'd—by the Laws of the Game.

Ye Lords of large Manors, your flatt'ers disband,  
What are you but tenants for life to the Land?  
Your lakes, gardens, ghots, temples, built, pictures, plate  
Are things of the Inn, where in Life's stage you bait.

Awhile you the labours of Luxury bear,  
'Till Time-tells you out, to make room for your Heir;  
The

The same round of riot, he runs for his day,  
His successors summons, sends him the same way.

BUT HE who exists in Infinity's State,  
Whose hand holds the Sun, and whose Fiat is Fate;  
To some has sent power, to others gives wealth,  
And to us, who are humble, his best blessing—Health.

To the Graces, we nightly a sacrifice make,  
Wit and Humour, the chairs, as our Toast-masters take,  
By their social converse, our time we improve,  
While Tendernefs lends us the daughters of Love.

Jolly Welcome attends Hospitality's call,  
Common Sense is our Cat'rer in Liberty Hall;  
For one dish dress'd there, all Court Treat we resign,  
Keep your distance, ye Kings! INDEPENDENT we  
dine.

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### THE SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,  
To Daphne's window speed thy way;  
And there on quivering pinions rise,  
And there thy vocal art display!

And if she deigns my notes to hear,  
And if she praise thy matin song,  
Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,  
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,  
The bird from Indian groves may shine,  
But ask the lovely partial maid,  
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,  
And all his flaunting race with scorn;  
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,  
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

## THE BIRKS OF INDERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;  
 And while they warble on each spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay;  
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,  
 Like them employ the hour that flies;  
 And in soft raptures waste the day,  
 Amidst the Birks of Indermay.

Soon wears the summer of the year,  
 And age, like winter will appear,  
 Like this, thy lovely bloom will fade,  
 As that doth strip the verdant shade;  
 Our taste, our pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters charm no more;  
 And as they droop, so we decay,  
 Adieu, ye Birks of Indermay.

## THE BIRD.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,  
 And flies abroad for food,  
 Returns impatient through the sky,  
 To nurse her callow brood:  
 The tender mother knows no joy,  
 But bodes a thousand harms;  
 And sickens for the darling boy,  
 When absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd,  
 My faithful bosom fires;  
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,  
 The queen of my desires:  
 The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,  
 All families are vain,  
 To shew how ardently I love,  
 Or to relieve my pain.

The

The saint, with fervent zeal inspir'd,  
 For heav'n and joy divine ;  
 The saint is not with rapture fir'd,  
 More pure, more warm than mine :  
 I take what liberty I dare,  
 'Twere impious to say more ;  
 Convey my longings to the fair,  
 The goddess I adore.

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### THE RAILERS.

BEHOLD on the brow the leaves play in the breeze,  
 While Cattle calm feed in the vale ;  
 The Church spire tapering, points through the trees,  
 As Lord of the hill and the dale.

The playful Colts skip after Dams to the brook,  
 The brook slow and silently glides :  
 The surface so smooth, and so clear if you look  
 It reflects the gay green on its sides.

In Farm-yard, by his feather'd Seraglio carest'd,  
 The King of the walk dares to crow ;  
 No Nabob, nor Nimrod enslaving the east,  
 Such prowess with Beauty can shew.

Beneath the still Cow, Nancy presses the teat,  
 Her face like the ruddy fac'd morn ;  
 Loud strokes in the barn the strong Threshers repeat,  
 Or winnow for market the corn.

Industrious, their Wives, at the doors of their cots,  
 Sit spinning, dress'd cleanly, tho' coarse,  
 To their Babes, while unheeding the Traveller trots,  
 They shew the fine Man and his Horse.

At the heels of the Steed, bark the base village Whelps,  
 Each Puppy rude Echo bestirs ;  
 But the Horse, too high bred, bounds away from their  
 yelps,  
 Disregarding the clamours of Curs.

Illiberal Railers thus envy betray,  
 When Merit above them they view ;  
 But Genius disdains to turn out of his way,  
 Or afford a reply to the Crew.

To contempt and despair, such infanes we commit ;  
 Put to generous Rivals, a Toast——  
 May rich Men reward honest Fellows of wit——  
 Here's a health to those Dunces hate most.

### COME LET US BEGIN.

COME let us begin, for the clock has struck ten,  
 Leave fooling, and take off your glafs——  
 He that will not, I'm sure (tho' he looks like a man)  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Then let us be jovial, drink, sing and laugh,  
 Let meager despair sigh, alas !  
 Fill the bumper, and he that drinks up but the half,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Take your glasses in hand, a fig for each elfe,  
 Give the toast of some fav'rite lass :  
 We'll pledge it, and he that will start before twelve  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Come give us a song, that is stock'd well with fun,  
 Our time let us merrily pass :  
 Be merry, I say, he that starts before one,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Here, free from all care, let us pleasure pursue,  
 Look on money as nothing but brass ;  
 Come, lads, drink about, he that starts before two  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Who



Who rules will prescribe for such spirits as we,  
 Their scheming is all but a fauce ;  
 Whilst there's punch enough, he that starts before three  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

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### THE WONDERFUL OLD MAN.

THERE was an old man, and though 'tis not common,  
 Yet if he said true, he was born of a woman ;  
 And though 'tis incredible, yet I've been told,  
 He was once a mere infant, but age made him old,  
 Age made him old, age made him old,  
 He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry he long'd for some meat,  
 And if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat ;  
 When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,  
 And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom, or never, could see without light,  
 And yet I've been told he could hear in the night ;  
 He has oft been awake in the day-time 'tis said,  
 And has fallen asleep as he lay on his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,  
 And he stir'd both his arms and his legs when he walk'd ;  
 And his gait was so odd, had you seen him, you'd burst,  
 For one leg or t'other would always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,  
 For if 'twas not wash'd it was seldom quite clean ;  
 He shew'd most his teeth when he happen'd to grin,  
 And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin.

When this whimsical chap had a river to pass,  
 If he could not get o'er he would stay where he was ;  
 'Tis said he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,  
 Yet so great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Among other strange things that befel this good yeoman,  
 He was married, poor soul, and his wife was a woman.  
 And unless by that liar, Miss Fame, we're beguil'd,  
 We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,  
And then, as folks said, he was not very well;  
But what is more strange, in so weak a condition,  
As he could not give fees, he cou'd get no physician.

What wonder he died, yet, 'tis said, that his death  
Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath:  
But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder,  
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

## THE VOLUNTEERS OF IRELAND.

WHEN darkness spread her sable vest,  
And threaten'd fair Hibernia's land,  
The flame of virtue fir'd each breast,  
And form'd a glorious patriot band.

CHORUS—Lo! this Patriot Band appears,  
Fam'd Hibernia's Volunteers!

Inspir'd with Freedom's sacred flame,  
They draw the sword, they point the lance,  
And while their country soars to fame,  
They dread not Spain, they fear not France.  
Lo! the Patriot Band, &c.

No toils they heed, no dangers shun,  
When acting in their country's cause:  
Where'er occasion calls they run,  
And prove a supplement to laws,  
Lo! the Patriot Band, &c.

No force their souls shall e'er enslave,  
For chains they scorn, tho' form'd of gold:  
No King their freedom to them gave,  
That charter from high Heaven they hold.  
Lo! the Patriot Band, &c.

That charter still they will maintain,  
And to their sons transmit it pure;  
Nay the Eternal's self will deign  
That charter ever to secure.  
Lo! the Patriot Band, &c.

THE

## THE JOLLY TOPER.

I'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby nos'd sot,  
 Who never yet thought of treason or plot;  
 A bottle that's mellow 's the chief of my cares,  
 And I guzzle each night, 'till I'm carried up stairs.

On the tombs of the brave ones, the wealthy, and wife,  
 We are only inform'd, that "under he lies;"  
 'Tis a hint that I like not, a trumpery tale,  
 So I now drown the thoughts on't in flaggons of ale.

They may name me sot, blockhead, or e'en what they  
 will;

But if wealth, nor if riches, nor wisdom, or skill,  
 Can their owners preserve from a church-yard, or priest,  
 Why, I'll live as I like it—for method's a jest.

On the lesson of nature it is that I think,  
 For she taught me to love, and she taught me to drink;  
 'To my pleasures full power she taught me to give;  
 And I'll stick to her maxims as long as I live.

I've money, good store on't, and spend it I must;  
 Be roaring and merry, but honest and just,  
 That, cold in my coffin, my landlord may say,  
 He's gone, and he's welcome—there's nothing to pay.

## THE JOLLY MILLER.

THERE was a jolly miller liv'd on the River Dee,  
 He work'd, he sang from morn to night, no lark so  
 blithe as he,

And this the burthen of the song for ever us'd to be,  
 I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

I live by my mill, God bless her! she's kindred, child  
 and wife;

I wou'd not change my station for any other in life,  
 No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me,  
 I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

When spring begins its merry career, oh! how his heart  
grows gay!  
No summer drought alarms his fears, nor winter's sad  
decay;  
No foresight mars the miller's joy, who wants to sing  
and say,  
Let others toil from year to year—I live from day to  
day.

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and  
sing;  
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on the  
wing.  
This song shall pass from me to thee, along this jovial  
ring;  
Let heart and voice and all agree, to say long live the  
king.

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### THE IRISH WEDDING.

THE priest of the parish rode his garane bawn,  
And married young Phelim to his dear Shevan;  
There was Padrig and Dermot, and ten score beside,  
With long flails and pitchforks to wait on the bride:

Chorus—You're welcome heartily, welcome Gramacree,  
Welcome all of you, aye by my troth.

There was Ellen and Roseen, and dear Shelah Wee,  
O hone! 'pon my soul she's the cushlea ma cree,  
There was putties and ratties in long legged pan,  
Sat boiling on Bochoans as fast as they can.

And you're welcome, &c.

There was tuff ma' lhy brishea like gads I may say,  
And dip' rushes platted burnt brighter than day,  
Rare victuals in platters were set in a row,  
And neat wooden trenchers far whiter than snow.

And you're welcome, &c.

There was young kail and nettles mix'd with prasslangh-  
wee,

Made the rarest call-cannon that e'er you did see;

There

There was maskans of butter laid on not struans,  
And good Iskea-baha ferv'd up in quahaans.

And you're welcome, &c.

Take away the dishes and platters Shaneen,  
Drink a health to the bride Shudurth a vorneen,  
Then the piper struck up, we danc'd all in a ring,  
Each maiden a queen, and each man was a king.

And you're welcome, &c.

When he fell a dancing each man gave a pogue,  
To his sweet-heart that smack'd like the dab of a brogue;  
We danc'd 'till we sweated, our butts they did smioak,  
So strong, the poor piper had like to be choak'd.

And you're welcome, &c.

When the bride and the bridegroom they pull'd off their  
hose,

No person could stand for the smell of their toes,  
When the bride and the bridegroom were put into bed,  
She pull'd off her shift to put under her head.

And you're welcome, &c.

We kiss'd and we parted, each man took his leave,  
The poor tid'd bridegroom look'd wonderful grave,  
So we all return'd home contented and gay,  
To our ploughs and our milk-pails 'till next holiday,

And you're welcome, &c.

## THE MAD FAMILY.

THERE was a mad man, he had a mad wife,

And they liv'd in a mad line, Sir,

They had ten children to bring up,

And they were made the same, Sir.

The father was mad, and the mother was mad,

The children were mad besides, Sir,

And they all got up, on a mad horse,

And madly they did ride, Sir.

How they got up, or how they got down,

There's no man living can tell, Sir,

But madly they rode until that they came

Unto the gates of Hell, Sir.



The Devil was glad to see them all mad,  
 And 'rose to let them in, Sir,  
 But when he found them more mad than himself,  
 He turned them out again, Sir.

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## THE WINE VAULT.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,  
 For what can this world more afford,  
 Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knee,  
 And a cellar as sociably stor'd,

My brave boys.

My vault door is open, descend and improve,  
 That Cask——aye, that we will try;  
 'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,  
 And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck,  
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand;  
 The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,  
 As I hate that a bumper should stand.

Astride on a butt, as a but should be srod,  
 I gallop the brusher along;  
 Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's God,  
 And a Sentiment give, or a Song.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozing drops seem  
 With pearls the moist walls to emboss;  
 From the arch mouldy cobwebs in gothic taste stream  
 Like stucco-work cut out of moss.

When the lamp is brimful, how the taper flame shines,  
 Which men moisture is wanting decays;  
 Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,  
 Or else there's an end of my blaze.

Sound those Pipes they're in tune, and those Binns are  
 well fill'd,

View that heap of Old Hock in your rere;  
 You bottles are Burgundy! mark how they're pier'd,  
 Like artillery, tier over tier.

My



My cellar's my camp, and my foldiers are fi-fks,  
 All gloriously rang'd in review ;  
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks  
 As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like Macedon's Madman, my glafs I'll enjoy,  
 Defying hyp, gravel, or gout :  
 He cry'd when he had no more worlds to destroy,  
 I'll weep when my liquor is out.

On their stumps some have fought, and as stoutly will I,  
 When reeling I roll on the floor ;  
 Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,  
 And dare the best buck to do more.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,  
 No Hic Jacet be cut on my stone ;  
 But pour in my coffin a bottle of red,  
 And say that His drinking is done.

My brave boys.

### T I M E's D E F E A T.

ONE evening, Good Humour took Wit as his guest,  
 By Friendship invited to Gratitude's feast ;  
 Their liquor was claret, and Love was their host.  
 Laugh, song, and droll sentiment, garnish'd each toast.

While Freedom and Fancy enlarg'd the design,  
 And dainties were furnish'd by Love, Wit and Wine,  
 Alarm'd, they all heard, at the door a loud knock,  
 A watchman hoarse bawling, 'Twas past Twelve o'Clock.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,  
 And up stairs they brought the Impertinent, bound :  
 When dragg'd to the light, how much were they pleas'd  
 To see 'twas the grey-glutton Time they had seiz'd.

His Glafs was his Lanthorn, his Scythe was his Pole,  
 And his single lock dangled adown his smooth skull ;  
 My friends, quoth he, panting, I thought fit to knock,  
 And bid you begone, for 'tis past Twelve o'Clock.

Says the Venom'd-Too h'd Savage, on this advice fix,  
 Tho' Nature strikes twelve, Folly still points to fix ;

He

He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd hear it,  
So hurry'd him into a hoghead of Claret.

Wit observ'd it was right, while we're yet in our prime,  
There is nothing like Claret for killing of Time;  
Love laughing, reply'd, I am pleas'd from my heart,  
He can't come and put us in ~~and~~ we must part.

This intruder, rude Time, tho' a tyrant long known,  
By Love, Wit and Wine can be only o'erthrown;  
If hereafter he's wanted on any design,  
He'll always be found in a hoghead of Wine.

Since Time is confid'd to our Wine, let us think  
By this rule we are sure of our Time when we drink;  
Henceforth, let our glasses with bumpers be prim'd,  
We're certain our drinking must now be well-tim'd.

### THE BROWN JUG.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild  
ale,

(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the Vale)  
Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,  
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl,  
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,  
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,  
In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,  
With a friend and a pipe, putting sorrow away,  
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,  
His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,  
And he dy'd, full as big as a Dorchester Butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,  
And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,  
A potter found out in a covert so snug,  
And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug;  
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale;  
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale—  
Vale, sweet Nan of the Vale.

THE

## THE HAPPY LIFE.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,  
 Let this be my fate in a fair country town;  
 May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,  
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,  
 And grow wiser and better, as strength wears away,  
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,  
 With the sea at a distance on which I may look;  
 With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,  
 And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more  
 Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before;  
 With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son, nor teal;  
 And clean, tho' coarse linen at every meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, with stout humming liquor,  
 And a remnant of Latin to puzzle the vicar;  
 With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,  
 To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.

May I govern, &c.

With courage undaunted may I face my last day;  
 And when I am dead may the better sort say,  
 In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,  
 He's gone, and han't left behind him his fellow:  
 For he govern'd his passions with absolute sway,  
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,  
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

---

 THE JOLLY WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,  
 Who at Black-friars bridge was us'd for to ply?  
 He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,  
 Winning each heart and delighting each eye:

He

He look'd so neat and he row'd so steadily ;  
The maidens all flock'd to his boat so readily ;  
And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,  
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,  
'Twas clean'd out so neat, and so painted withal !

He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies

In a party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall.

And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,

But 'twas all one to Tom, their jibing or jeering ;

For loving and liking he little did care,

For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen,

As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,

He was ply'd by a damsel so young and so charming,

That he smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall.

And wou'd this young damsel but banish his sorrow,

He'd wed her to-night before it was morrow ;

And how should this waterman ever know care,

When he's marry'd and never in want of a fare ?

## THE FOX CHASE.

### RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn,  
The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,  
Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,  
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

### A I R.

AWAY, to the copse lead away ;

And now, my boys, throw off the hounds,

I'll warrant he shews us some play ;

See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.

Then spur your brisk coursfers, and smoke 'em, my bloods ;

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn :

What concert is equal to those of the woods,

Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn ?

Each

Each earth see he tries at in vain,  
 In cover no safety can find;  
 So he breaks it, and scours amain,  
 And leaves us far distant behind.

O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,  
 All hazard and danger we scorn;  
 Stout Reynard we'll follow until that we dye;  
 Cheer up the good hounds with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,  
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;  
 His speed can no longer avail,  
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong.

### LET THE TOAST PASS.

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,  
 Likewise to the widow of fifty;  
 Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,  
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.  
 Let the toast pass,  
 Drink to the last,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,  
 And likewise to her that has none, Sir;  
 Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,  
 And here's to her that's but one, Sir.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,  
 And to her that's as brown as a berry;  
 And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
 And here's to the girl that is merry.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,  
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
 So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,  
 And e'en let us toast them together.

Let the toast pass, &c.

THE



## THE PICTURE.

WISHING well to good folks, both on this and that,  
 By my own fire-side, with my Lads,  
 Not yawning, nor mute, but in spiritual chat,  
 To Old England I took off my glass.

The next to my King; and the third was a Joke,  
 Of all places I toasted The Best;  
 She seem'd not to hear, but her cheeks blushes spoke,  
 The Wanton my Sentiment gues'd.

Her bosom I press'd, to my lips it arose,  
 The crimson still flushing her face;  
 With love-lisping laugh, she reply'd, " I suppose  
 " You presume I can guess at the place."

I answer'd, but first for my Fee took a Kiss,  
 " Where the Temple of Love we attend,  
 " Beauty's columns begin at the Fountain of Bliss:  
 " In tapering outlines they end.

" On the top, at the Arch of Enjoyment unite,  
 " Could tendrils the Pediment grace;  
 " For Cupid's Pantheon, the Shaft of Delight  
 " Must spring from the Masculine Base.

" If the Lady of this perfect Mansion you'll see,"  
 As I spoke, gave my hand to the lass,  
 " Oh by all means," she said;—" then, my dear, come  
 " with me;"

So I led my girl up to the glass.

Off she turn'd, with a pshaw! yet no answer express,  
 Good breeding scorns Prudery's screen;  
 'Mong our dinner-time toasts, when we drink to the Best,  
 We only most excellent mean.

Remember, my Bucks, when you're aiming at Jokes  
 Be sure make the most of a Jest;  
 Nor like the assembly of impotent folks,  
 Who prove themselves—bad at the Best.

Our Youths in their waists are now scarcely a span,  
 An insensible, expletive crew;  
 When Loveliness weds one, in hopes of a Man,  
 'Tis the worst thing a Lady can do.

Here's to Beauty a Toast, Sir, but not face alone,  
 Lower yet lies the Circle of Grace ;  
 Beneath, where in centre Love buckles her Zone,  
 The Point of Attraction we place.

Let our Bottles, like globes, have elliptical sweep ;  
 Geometrisis mind what I say,  
 May beautiful Parallels distances keep,  
 To give Perpendiculars way.

### THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

HER mouth, with a smile, devoid of all guile,  
 Half open to view, is the Bud of the Rose,  
 Is the Bud of the Rose, in the morning that blows,  
 Impearl'd with the dew, impearl'd with the dew,  
 The Bud of the Rose, &c.

More fragrant her breath, than the flower-scented heath,  
 At the dawning of day, the hawthorn in bloom,  
 The lilly's perfume, the lilly's perfume,  
 Or the blossoms of May.

The Bud of the Rose, &c.

### THE FEMALE HUNTER.

A SWEET scented beau and a simp'ring young cit,  
 An artful attorney, a rake and a wit,  
 Set out on the chace in pursuit of her heart,  
 Whilst Chloe disdainfully laugh'd at their art,  
 And rous'd by the hounds to meet the sweet morn,  
 Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the beau by his face,  
 The lawyer with quibble, set out on the chace,  
 The cit, with exactness, made up his account,  
 The rake told his conquests, how vast the amount ;  
 She laugh'd at the follies, and blithe as the morn,  
 Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Their

Their clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young swain,  
Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd o'er the plain,  
He distanc'd the wit, the cit, quibble and beau,  
And won the fair nymph with hollo hillio ;  
Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the morn,  
Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

---

### SAVE WOMEN AND WINE.

SAVE women and wine there is nothing in life,  
That can bribe honest souls to endure it ;  
When the heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with strife,  
Dear women and wine only cure it.

Come on then, my boys, we'll have women and wine,  
And wisely to purpose employ them :  
He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,  
Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.

Our wine shall be old, bright and sound, my dear Jack,  
To heighten our am'rous fires ;  
Our girls plump and sound, shall kiss with a smack,  
And gratify all our desires.

---

### PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,  
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great ?  
Why look with insolent disdain  
On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?  
Can costly robes, or beds of down,  
Or all the gems that deck the fair ;  
Can all the glories of a crown  
Give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,  
The humble and the haughty die ;  
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,  
In dust, without distinction lie.

Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,  
 Who once the greatest titles wore,  
 Of wealth and glory they're bereft,  
 And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,  
 And spreads along a gilded train;  
 When shot—'tis gone; its beauty dies,  
 Dissolv'd to common air again:  
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls—  
 Let friendship reign, while here we stay:  
 Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls;  
 When Jove commands we must obey.

---

### THE COBLER'S END.

A COBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall,  
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall;  
 No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,  
 No ambition had he, and no duns at his gate.  
Derry down, &c.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,  
 If at night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy,  
 He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most sweet,  
 Saying, just to a hair I've made both ends meet.  
Derry down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,  
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,  
 He shot the poor cobbler quite through the heart,  
 I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.  
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,  
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay,  
 Her eyes shone so bright when the rose ev'ry day,  
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.  
Derry down, &c.

He

He sung her love songs as he sat at his work,  
But she was as hard as a Jew, or a Turk,  
Whenever he spoke, she would flounce and would flee,  
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,  
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;  
He pierc'd through his body instead of the sole,  
So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

And now in good will, I advise as a friend,  
All cobblers take notice of this cobbler's end,  
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's past,  
That love brings us all to an end at the last.

Derry down, &c.

### SOMEHOW MY SPINDLE I MISLAID.

SOMEHOW my spindle I mislaid,  
And lost it underneath the grass,  
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,  
And said, what seek you, pretty lass?

A little love, but urg'd with care,  
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far,

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak  
That I my spindle lost just now;  
His knife then kindly Damon took,  
And from the tree he cut a bough.

A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,  
While me he tenderly beheld;  
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,  
For ah! my heart did fondly yield.

A little love, &c.

BARTLEME



## BARTLEME FAIR.

WHILE gentlefolks strut in their silver and sattins,  
 We poor folks are tramping in straw hats and pattens,  
 As merrily Old English ballads can sing-o,  
 As they at their opperiores outlandish ling-o;  
 Calling out, Bravo, encoro, and caro,  
 Tho'f I will sing nothing but Bartleme Fair-o.

Here first of all crowds against other crowds driving,  
 Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary thriving;  
 Here's fiddling and fluting, and shouting and shrieking,  
 Fifes, trumpets, drums, bag-pipes, and barrow-girls  
 squeaking.

My rare round and sound, here's choice of fine ware-o,  
 Though all is not found sold at Bartleme Fair-o.

Here are droils, hornpipe dancing, and shewing of pos-  
 tures;

Plum porridge, black-puddings, and op'ning of oysters;  
 The tap-house guests swearing, and gall'ry folks squawling,

With salt-boxes, solos, and mouth pieces bawling;  
 Plumps, pick-pockets, strollers, fat landladies, failors,  
 Bawds, bullies, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers, and tay-  
 lors.

Here's Punch's whole play of the gunpowder-plot, Sir,  
 Wild beasts all alive, and pease-porridge hot, Sir:  
 Fine sausages fry'd, and the Black on the wire;  
 The whole court of France, and nice pig at the fire.  
 The ups-and-downs, who'll take a seat in the chair-o?  
 There are more ups-and-downs than at Bartleme Fair-o.

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,  
 The chaise without horses, and Queen of Hungary;  
 The merry go-rounds, come, who rides? come, who  
 rides?

Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, and fine-eating besides;  
 The fam'd learned dog that can tell all his letters,  
 And some men, as scholars, are not much his betters.

The

This world's a wide fair, when we ramble 'mong gay things;  
 Our passions, like children, are tempted by play-things;  
 By sound and by shew, by trash and by trumpery,  
 The fal-lals of fashion, and Frenchify'd frumpery.  
 Life is but a droll, rather wretched than rare-o,  
 And thus ends the ballad of Bartleme Fair-o.

### T H E B R I T O N.

FROM the face of the Sun, see the mist disappear,  
 Resplendent his beams brighten day;  
 The highlands, the trees, and the hill tops are clear,  
 'Tis the pride of the year, it is May.

The hare starts away, pufs disturb'd from her seat,  
 Flies frighted, and doubles the wold:  
 How plaintive the sheep their loud echoes repeat,  
 Because not yet freed from the fold.

'Tis Liberty's language, the voice of the soul,  
 Throughout air, upon earth, in the sea,  
 From us unto where the most distant worlds roll,  
 What animal wou'd not be free?

Let us live when we're free; but when Liberty wanes  
 Life is but imprisoning breath;  
 As slaves shall we sigh, or escape from our chains,  
 And follow our Freedom to death.

We dare, even dying, our birthrights defend,  
 Our last shall be Liberty's call;  
 Like Sampson, we'll nobly existency end,  
 And our tyrants o'erwhelm with our fall.

Good subjects will Government ever obey,  
 Into air toss Malignity's tale;  
 But Honour forbid fraud shou'd e'er come in play,  
 And England be set up for sale.

While Will, without Law, scourges Gallia's coast,  
 Let us, in our honesty bold,  
 First drink to the KING's health—then add to the toast,  
 May Englishmen scorn to be sold.

THE

## THE VICAR AND MOSES.

AT the sign of the horse, old Spintext of course,  
 Each night took his pipe and his pot,  
 O'er a jorum of nappy quite pleasant and happy,  
 Was plac'd this canonical sot.

Tol de rol, d: rol, titol dittoL

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,  
 With reverence due, and submission;  
 First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,  
 And bowing, prefer'd his petition.

Tol de rol, &c.

I'm come, Sir, says he, to beg, d've see,  
 Of your reverend worship and glory,  
 To inter a poor baby, with as much 'peed as may be  
 And I'll walk with the lanthorn before ye.

Tol de rol, &c.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry,  
 Why lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay!  
 You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,  
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Tol de rol, &c.

Then Moses, he smil'd, says, Sir, a small child  
 Cannot long delay your intentions;  
 Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small,  
 Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Tol de rol, &c.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear,  
 I hate to be called from my liquor;  
 Come Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,  
 Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Tol de rol, &c.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,  
 Besides there's a terrible show'r:  
 Why Mo<sup>r</sup> es, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,  
 I'm sur it can never strike more.

Tol de rol, &c

Besides,

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,  
Which to say and to swear, I'll be bold,  
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger that's  
plain,  
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Tol de rol, &c.

Then Moses went on, Sir, the clock has struck one!  
Pray, Master, look up at the hand,  
Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press  
A man for to go that can't stand.

Tol de rol, &c.

At length hat and cloak, old Orthodox took,  
But first cram'd his jaw with a quid;  
Each tips off a gill, for fear they should chill,  
And then stagger'd away side by side.

Tol de rol, &c.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a stave,  
Whilst the surplice was wrapt round the priest,  
Whilst so droll was the figure, of Moses and Vicar,  
That the parish still talk of the jest.

Tol de rol, &c.

Good people, let's pray, put the corpse t'other way,  
Or perchance I shall over it stumble,  
'Tis best to take care, though the sages declare,  
A mortuum caput can't tumble.

Tol de rol, &c.

Woman that's born of man, that's wrong, the leaf's torn,  
Oh! man that is born of a woman,  
Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flow'r,  
You see, Moses—Death spareth no man.

Tol de rol, &c.

Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,  
Sure the letters are turn'd upside down,  
Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,  
That this Grierfon should print for the Crown.

Tol de rol, &c.

Prithee,

Prishee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,  
And bury the corpse, in my stead,  
(Amen, Amen.)

Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray hold still your tongue,  
You've taken the tail for the head.

Tol de rol, &c.

O where's thy sling, death! put the corpse in the earth,  
For believe me, 'tis terrible weather:

So the corpse was interr'd without praying a word,  
And away they both stagger'd together.

Tol de rol, &c.

### AS SURE AS A GUN.

SAYS Colin to me, I've a thought in my head,  
I know a young damsel I'm dying to wed,  
So please you, quoth I—and whene'er it is done,  
You'll quarrel and you'll part again—As sure as a gun.

And so when you're married, poor am'rous wight,  
You'll bill it and coo it, from morning till night;  
But trust me, good Colin, you'll find it bad fun,  
Instead of which you'll fight and scratch—As sure as a  
gun.

But should she prove fond of her own dearest love,  
And you be as supple, and soft as her glove;  
Yet be she a saint, and as chaste as a nun,  
You're fasten'd to her apron-strings—As sure as a gun!

Suppose it was you then, said he, with a leer,  
You wou'd not serve me so, I'm certain, my dear:  
In troth, I replied, I will answer for none,  
But do as other women do—As sure as a gun!

### THE DAWN OF HOPE.

A DAWN of hope my soul ives,  
And banishes despair;  
If yet my dearest Damon lives,  
Make him, ye Gods, your care.

D

Dispel



Dispel these gloomy shades of night,  
 My tender grief remove ;  
 Oh ! send some cheering ray of light,  
 And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,  
 The pensive Sylvia mourn'd,  
 While courteous Echo lent her aid,  
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face  
 Each rising fear disarms,  
 He eager springs to her embrace,  
 She sinks into his arms.

### ADMIRAL BENBOW.

O WE sail'd to Virginia, and thence to New York,  
 Where we water'd our shipping, and so weigh'd them all,  
 Full in view on the sea, seven sail we did 'spy,  
 O we manned our capstern, and we weigh'd speedily.

The two first we came up with, were brigantine sloops,  
 We ask'd if the other five were as big as they look'd,  
 But turning to windward, as near as we could be,  
 We found they were French men of war cruising hard by.

We took our leave of them, and made quick dispatch,  
 And we steer'd our course to the island of Vache,  
 But turning to windward, as near as we could lie,  
 On the fourteenth of August, ten sail we did 'spy.

They hoisted their pendants, and their colours they spread,  
 And they hoisted their bloody flag, on the main top-  
 mast head,

Then we hoisted our jack flag, at the mizen peak,  
 So brought up our squadron, in a line most complete.

O we drew up our squadron, in a very nice line,  
 And fought them courageous for four hours time ;  
 But the day being spent, boys, and night coming on,  
 We let them alone till the very next morn.

The

The very next morning the engagement prov'd hot,  
 And brave Admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain shot;  
 O when he was wounded, to his men he did say,  
 Take me up in your arms, boys, and carry me away.

O the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,  
 While brave Admiral Benbow for help loud did cry,  
 Carry me to the cockpit, and soon ease my smart,  
 If my men they should see me, 'twill sure break their heart.

And there Captain Kirby prov'd a coward at last,  
 And with Wade play'd at bopeep, behind the mainmast,  
 And there they did stand, boys, and quiver and shake.  
 For fear that these French dogs their lives they should take.

The very next morning, at break of the day,  
 We hoisted our topsails, and so bore away,  
 We bore to Port-Royal, where the people flock'd much,  
 To see Admiral Benbow carried to Kingston town church.

Come all you brave fellows, wherever you have been,  
 Let us drink a health to great George our King,  
 And another good health to the girls that we know,  
 And a third in remembrance of Admiral Benbow.

## THE ECHOING HORN.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,  
 To horse, my brave boys, and away;  
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds  
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.  
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox!  
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies;  
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza!  
 The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay,  
 How sweet with the bottle and lads to refresh,  
 And lose the fatigues of the day!

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy :  
 Dull wisdom all happiness fours :  
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

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### THE SUN FROM THE EAST.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with gold,  
 And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold ;  
 The lark's ear'y matins proclaims the new day,  
 And the roon's cheerful summons rebukes our delay :  
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,  
 While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,  
 And the slaves of the state hunt the smiles of the court ;  
 No care nor ambition our patience annoy,  
 But innocent mirth gives a zest to our joy.  
 With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;  
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;  
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,  
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.  
 With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame,  
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;  
 And the artful coquette, though she seems to refuse,  
 Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.  
 With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,  
 All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health ;  
 With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands to roam,  
 And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.  
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,  
 While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

# THE DUSKY NIGHT.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,  
 And ushers in the morn;  
 The hounds all join in jovial cry,  
 The huntsman winds his horn.  
 And a hunting we wil' go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws  
 Her arms to make him stay;  
 My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows!  
 You cannot hunt to-day.  
 Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,  
 Their steeds they soundly switch;  
 Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,  
 And some thrown in the ditch.  
 Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

At last from strength to faintness worn,  
 Poor Reynard ceases flight;  
 Then, weary, homeward we return,  
 And drink away the night.  
 And a drinking we will go, &c.

# WHEN I WAS A YOUNG ONE.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like me!  
 So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee?  
 I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where-e'er  
 A fiddle was heard—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;  
 'Twas this, Sir; and that, Sir; but scarce ever nay;  
 And, Sundays, dress'd out in my silk and my lace,  
 I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man!  
 Well, rest him—we all are as good as we can;  
 Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,  
 And jealous—though truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me ; but let me alone ;  
 Egad ! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own ;  
 Ye wiv's, take the hint, and when spouse is untow'r'd,  
 Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe ;  
 I'm not what I was forty summers ago :  
 This Time's a fore foe, there's no shunning his dart ;  
 However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance ;  
 I still love a tune, though unable to dance ;  
 And books of devotion laid by on the shelf,  
 I teach that to others I once did myself.

### THE JOVIAL FREEMAN.

COME all ye young lovers, who, wan with despair,  
 Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair,  
 Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms,  
 And tell them, 'tis heaven to lie in their arms ;  
 Be wise by example, take pattern from me,  
 For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free,  
     By Jove I'll be free,  
 For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne I saw, in the net I was caught,  
 I lov'd and I flatter'd, as custom had taught ;  
 I press'd her to bliss, which she granted full soon ;  
 But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon ;  
 She vow'd she was ruin'd : I said it might be :  
 I'm sorry, my dear, but by Jove I'll be free, &c.

The next was young Phillis, as bright as the morn ;  
 The love that I proffer'd, she treated with scorn ;  
 I laugh'd at her folly, and I told her my mind,  
 That none can be handsome, but such as are kind ;  
 Her pride and ill nature was lost upon me ;  
 For in spite of fair faces, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys,  
 Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise ;

Some



Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange rage,  
 Like birds they sing best when put in a cage:  
 Confinement's the devil, 'twas ne'er made for me,  
 Let who will be bond slaves, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

Then let each brisk bumper run over the glass,  
 In a toast to the young and the beautiful lass,  
 Who's yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,  
 Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool:  
 Let us bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee,  
 For, in spite of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

### COMMON SENSE.

ONE night having nothing to do—nor to drink,  
 I began a new practice, and that was to think;  
 What my subject shou'd be, kept me some time in doubt,  
 I consider'd, at last—what we all were about.

Such frauds and such factions, such follies, such fictions,  
 Such out-of door clamours, and in-contradictions;  
 What must this be owing to?—why? or from whence?  
 What is it we want?—why, we want Common Sense.

O yes! who can tell us where Common Sense dwells?  
 Does it burnish gold roofs, or strew rushes in cells?  
 Does it beam in the mine? does it swim in the sea?  
 Does it wing the wild air? does it blossom the tree?

If folks wou'd accept Common Sense as their guest,  
 With Meum and Tuum at home they'd be blest:  
 Nor lunatic lacqueys run mad up and down,  
 Nor mind any business but what was their own.

But which is the way to find Common Sense out?  
 She feasts not on turtle;—cuts in at no rout?  
 Get the tub Cynic's lanthorn, we won't mind expence,  
 But look by its light, 'till we spy Common Sense.

If chance she is seen, though for fear we mistake her,  
 She's natively neat, like a lovely young Quaker;  
 Pure Beauty, despising false Drapery's aid,  
 And Common Sense scorns all pedantic parade.

Let

Let us first call at Court, but, perhaps, we intrude,  
 'Twas told so by Miss Affectation, the prude :  
 There Fashion forbids the free use of the mind,  
 What can Common Sense say in a place so refin'd ?

Then at Church! to be sure, Common Sense there suc-  
 ceeds,

Unless Superstition should choak it with weeds :  
 And though Infidelity dares a pretence,  
 She's easily vanquish'd by plain Common Sense.

When I mention'd the Church, you expected at least,  
 In the common-place mode, some stale joke 'gainst a  
 Priest,

That a laugh I shou'd raise, at the Clergy's expence ;  
 But he who wou'd wish it, must want Common Sense.

As to Trade, no accounts can be well kept without her,  
 Yet stock-jobbers say they know nothing about her ;  
 Bear Witness 'Change-alley—the Omniums declare,  
 Common Sense shall for ever be under Par there.

Come, I'll give you a Toast, if I give no offence—  
 Here's the sensitive Plant, and the Root Common Sense,  
 Here's Love's magic Circle, which all senses binds,  
 And Delicate Pleasure to Sensible Minds.

## OLD ENGLAND.

HAIL, England! Old England, for glory renown'd!  
 In arms, as in arts, so transcendently crown'd!  
 'Tis thine, strict to honour, no treaties to break,  
 'Tis thine to revenge when that honour's at stake.  
 Then rise, O brave! draw the sword, point the lance,  
 And bid the bold cannon roll thunder to France.

Hark, truth speaks already, our heroes prevail,  
 The rous'd English lion makes Gallia turn pale ;  
 Thy cunning, O France! its own fate will decree;  
 Success now dawns on us by land and by sea,  
 And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,  
 To force that submission which pride would deny.

Britannia

Britannia rejoices your ardor to see;  
 " My sons, fight," she cries, "'tis for freedom and me!  
 " Though Gallia's ambition alliance explore,  
 " You'll conquer them now, whom you've conquer'd be-  
 " fore."

And Triumph these truths to all nations shall sing,  
 The ocean is George's, and George is our King.

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### FEMALE LIBERTY REGAIN'D.

THO' man has long boasted an absolute sway,  
 While woman's hard fate was love, honour, obey;  
 At length over wedlock fair Liberty dawns,  
 And the lords of creation must pull in their horns;  
 For Hymen among ye proclaims his decree,  
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

Away with your doubts, your surmises, and fears,  
 'Tis Venus beats up for her gay volunteers;  
 Enlist at her banner, you'll vanquish with ease.  
 And make of your husbands what creatures you please;  
 To arms then, ye fair ones, and let the world see,  
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

The rights of your sex would you e'er see restor'd,  
 Your tongues should be us'd as a two-edged sword;  
 That ear-piercing weapon each husband must dread,  
 Who thinks on the marks von may place on his head:  
 Then wisely unite, till the men all agree,  
 That women, dear women, shall ever be free.

No more shall the wife, as meek as a lamb,  
 Be subject to, Zounds, do you know who I am?  
 Domestic politeness shall flourish again,  
 When women take courage to govern the men:  
 Then stand to your charter, and let the world see,  
 Tho' husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

## THE CABAL.

WHY shou'd you, lov'd Sensible, shou'd you be pale,  
 The portrait of Grief you appear ;  
 You look like yon lily that droops in the vale,  
 With my lips let me wipe off that tear.

Disdain a reply to Malignity's tongue,  
 Let Clamour to Patience submit ;  
 It is better that Slander shou'd say you were wrong,  
 Than that you the wrong shou'd commit.

The Atheists, if really such madmen exist,  
 Belief will delirious decry,  
 In Infidel doubtings pretend to persist,  
 What they cannot conceive they deny.

Thus some of your sex, old and ugly, will rail,  
 Like Atheists all goodness they doubt,  
 Insisting men may o'er all beauties prevail,  
 Because themselves could not hold out.

You must pardon the cry, think not strange what I say,  
 They mercy from you must receive ;  
 Be it known to your tendernefs, 'tis the world's way,  
 Who injure will never forgive.

Smile, smile, still smile on, let day beam on your face,  
 To oblivion be Obloquy hurl'd ;  
 By the best you're belov'd, thou fair figure of Grace,  
 So laugh at the rest of the world.

## THE SENTIMENT SONG.

DINNER o'er, and grace said, we'll for business pre-  
 pare,  
 Arrang'd right and left in support of the chair,  
 We'll chorus our song as the circling toast passes,  
 And manage our bumpers as musical glasses.  
 Sing Tantararara Toast all.

To your lips, my convivals, the burgundy lift,  
 May we never want courage when put to a shift—

Here's

Here's what tars dislike, and ladies like best;  
What's that?—you may whisper, why 'tis to be press'd!

Ye fowlers, who eager at partridges aim,  
Don't mark the main'd covey, but mind better game;  
'Tis beauty's the sport to repay sportsmen's trouble,  
And there may our pointers stand stiff in the stubble.

To game we give law, and game laws we have skill in,  
Here's love's laws, and they who those laws are fulfilling,  
But never may damsels demur to our sport,  
Nor we suffer nonsuits when call'd into court.

As the Indians are warring, our game we must flush,  
On our breasts, as we live, we present through a bush—  
Here's the nest in that bush, and the bird-nesting lover;  
Here's Middlesex bush-fighting—rest and recover.

Althimatical gluttons exist but to eat,  
They purchase repletions at each turtle treat;  
Love's feast boasts a flavour unknown to made dishes—  
Here's life's dainty, dress'd with the sweet sauce of kisses.

Fair befall ev'ry lass, fair may fine ladies fall,  
No colour I'll fix on, but drink to them all;  
The black, the brunette, and the golden-lock'd dame—  
The lock of all locks, and unlocking the same.

More upright fore-knowledge that lock is commanding,  
Than all other locks, aye, or Locke's understanding:  
That lock has the casket of Cupid within it,  
So—Here's to the Key, lads—the critical minute.

Lads, pour out libations from bottles and bowls,  
The Mother of All-Saints is drank by All Souls.  
Here's the Down Bed of Beauty which upraises man,  
And beneath the Thatch'd-House the Miraculous Can.

The Dock-yard which furnishes Great-Britain's fleets,  
The Bookbinder's wife manufact'ring in sheets,  
The brown Female-reaper, who dares undertake her?  
And the wife of Will Wattle—the neat Basket-maker.

Here's Bathsheba's Cockpit where David stood centry;  
Eve's Custom-house, where Adam made the first entry;  
The pleasant plac'd water fall 'midst Bushy park;  
The Nick makes the tail stand, the Farrier's wife's Mark.

That



That the hungry be fill'd with rich things let us say ;  
 And well pleas'd the rich be sent empty away.—  
 The Miller's wife's Music ;—the Lads that's lamb-like ;  
 And Fence of the farmer on top of Love's dike.

But why from this round-about phrase must be guess'd,  
 What in one single syllable's better express'd ;  
 That syllable then I my Sentiment call,  
 So here's to that Word, which is, one Word for All.  
 Sing Tantararara Toast all.

## R E P E N T A N C E.

“ THE dictates of Nature prove school knowledge weak,  
 “ Does not Instinct beyond all the orators speak ?  
 “ From their parts of speech we'll not borrow one part,  
 “ Our lips, without words, find the way to the heart.”

Thus as last night I sung, with my lads on my knee,  
 Miethought one below, hoarse enquired after me ;  
 We listen'd and heard him, his breathing seem'd scant,  
 And unsairs he stepp'd, with asthmatical pant.

The door op'ning wide, solus enter'd the sprite,  
 Black and all black his dress, sable emblem of Night :  
 His livid lips quiver'd, pronouncing my name,  
 And, head and staff shaking, declar'd me to blame.

Repentance (quoth he) won't admit of delays,  
 I insist, from this moment, you alter your ways.  
 As I star'd at him, slyly, my bottle I hid,  
 Then punctually promis'd to do as he bid.

With unkerchief'd neck, sparkling eyes, and loose hair,  
 Her gown, single pinn'd, burst from closet my fair ;  
 There she fled when the fright first appear'd in the room,  
 Then fell at his feet in the health of Love's bloom.

So graceful she knelt, and so tender her tone,  
 Then she sent such a look, Silver-beard was her own.  
 I saw his eyes twinkle, blood flatter'd his face,  
 He fondly, tho' feebly, essay'd an embrace,

I left

I left them, and, just as I fanc'd the churl  
Made a strengthless attempt to be rude with my girl:  
She shriek'd, and I rush'd in as he strove to escape,  
And the Watch took Repentance away for a rape.

Ever since when we wanton in rapt'rous embrace,  
The reproach-bearing wretch dares not shew us his face:  
May each fond of each, thus enjoyment improve,  
Be henceforth Repentance a stranger to Love.

### BRITANNIA, RULE THE WAVES.

WHEN Britain first at Heav'n's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sung this strain;

Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,  
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,  
Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
More dreadful, &c.

As the loud ~~Mast~~, loud blast that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
And work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

E

To

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,  
 Thy cities, &c.  
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,  
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
 Shall, &c.  
 Bless'd Isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties  
 crown'd,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,  
 For Britons never shall be slaves.

## THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,  
 Young Jockey to my cottage came,  
 Yet tho' I lik'd him passing weel,  
 I careless turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,  
 And prais'd my fingers long and small;  
 Unusual joy my heart did feel,  
 But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Then round about my slender wait,  
 He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:  
 To kiss my hand he down did kneel,  
 But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice I bid him rise,  
 He bless'd my neck, my lips and eyes:  
 My fondness I could scarce conceal,  
 But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

'Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,  
 His wanton thoughts I quickly guess'd;  
 Then push'd him from my rock and reel,  
 And angry turn'd my spinning-wheel.

At

At last when I began to chide,  
He swore he meant me for his bride ;  
'Twas then my love I did reveal,  
And flung away my spinning-wheel.

---

### THE NUN.

SURE a lass in her bloom at the age of nineteen,  
Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been ;  
I know not. I vow, any harm I have done,  
But mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun,  
But mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I,  
Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry ?  
With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,  
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a Nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,  
Is a thousand times better to me, I declare ;  
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone ;  
Nay, besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a Nun.

Nor to love or be lov'd, oh I never can bear,  
Nor yield to be sent to—one cannot tell where ;  
To live or to die, in this case were all one ;  
Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a Nun.

Perhaps but to tease me, she threatens me so,  
I'm sure were she me, she would stoutly say no :  
But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,  
And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a Nun.

---

### G A M I N G.

LAST night I attended at Robinhood's group,  
Where five-minute orators kept the thing up ;  
Where Politics, Physics, Wit, Humour and Learning,  
May hear things to wonder at, past their discerning.

Quoth a Speaker, applying a pinch to his nose,  
As slowly, like tragedy ghost, he arose,  
The Methodist Preachers began our seduction,  
And Gamesters and Gambling complete our destruction.

Young Knowell upstarting, reply'd with a sneer,  
" Mr. President, really that gentleman's queer,  
" He rails against Gamesters, yet, this may be said,  
" He wou'd have been one, but he wanted a head.  
" And now I am up, and my minutes go on,  
" That I prove him a fool, why, I'll hold two to one.  
" These fault finders don't know the things they're  
" abusing,  
" What's all the world after, but winning and losing?  
" I forgive all he knows, and I dare him to say,  
" If he wou'd, or wou'd not, have the best of the lay.  
" Honest people I love, but I never heard yet  
" It was thought wrong to have the right side of a bett.  
" Life's like hazard-playing, we all wish to win,  
" And he must have luck, to be sure, who throws in.  
" 'Tis the Statesman who sets, his friends nick their  
" places,  
" And those 'gainst the court are suppos'd to throw Aces.  
" On the turf we perhaps may have Cunning's assist-  
" ance,  
" But Westminster-hall gives Newmarket a distance:  
" By crossfigg and jostling this land may be lost,  
" And Liberty run on the wrong side the post.  
" I abjure each expression would hurt ladies fame,  
" But will they not all play the best of the game?  
" To be sure Trade's a virtue, and Gaming a vice,  
" Yet fraudulent Bankrupts are worse than false Dice.  
" If our betters will play, and playfellows esteem us,  
" Cum Monitor ludit nos quoque ludemus;  
" Don't blame him who wins, rather laugh at the loser,  
" We only take Fortune from those who abuse her.  
" If a Lord loves a Gamester's life, is it absurd  
" For a Gamester to take up the life of a Lord?  
" Whether Lord, or what else, 'tis a matter of mirth,  
" What signifies title, Sir, What are you worth?"

The



The hammer went down, Knowell silent became,  
 And henceforth we'll honour the best of the game:  
 So here goes a Maid, here the Caster must win,  
 We drink to the lucky, who hold longest in.

---

## K I S S I N G.

YE delicate lovelies, with leave, I maintain  
 That happiness here you may find;  
 To yourselves I appeal for Felicity's reign,  
 When you meet with a man to your mind.

When Gratitude Friendship to Fondness unites,  
 Inexpressive endearments arise:  
 Then hopes, fears, and fancies, strange doubts and de-  
 lights,  
 Are announc'd by those tell tales, the eyes.

Those technical terms, in the science of Love,  
 Cold schoolmen attempt to describe,  
 But how should they paint what they never can prove?  
 For Tenderneſs knows not their tribe.

Of all the abuse on enjoyments that's thrown,  
 The treatment Love takes most amiss,  
 Is the rant of the coxcomb, the sot, and the clown,  
 Who pretend to indulge on a kiss.

The love of a fribble at self only aims:  
 For sots and clowns—class them with beasts.  
 No fibre, no atom, have they in their frames,  
 To relish such delicate feasts.

In circling embraces, when lips to lips move,  
 Description, oh! teach me to praise  
 The Overture Kiss to the Op'ra of Love—  
 But Beauty would laugh at the phrase.

Love's preludes are Kisses, and, after the play,  
 They fill up the pause of delight:  
 The rich repetitions which never decay,  
 The Lip's silent language at night.

The raptures of KISSING we only can taste,  
 When sympathies equal inspire,  
 And while to enjoyment, unbounded, we haste,  
 Their breath blows the coals of desire.

Again, and again, and again Beauty sips;  
 What feelings these pressures excite!  
 When fleeing life's stopp'd by a kiss of the lips,  
 Then sinks in a sigh of delight.

# M O R A L.

Whilst our glasses we kiss, and we frolic at ease,  
 Of Happiness ne'er may we miss;  
 May we live as we list, may we kiss whom we please,  
 And may we still please whom we kiss.

## I ONCE WAS A MAIDEN.

I ONCE was a maiden as fresh as a rose,  
 And as fickle as April weather,  
 I laid down without care, and I wak'd with repose,  
 With a heart as light as a feather.  
 With a heart, &c.

I work'd with the girls, and I play'd with the men,  
 I always was romping or spinning,  
 And what if they pilfer'd a kiss now and then,  
 I hope 'twas not very great sinning.  
 I hope, &c.

I wedded a husband as young as myself,  
 And for every frolic as willing,  
 Together we laugh'd when we had any pelf,  
 And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling.  
 And we, &c.

He's gone to the wars, heav'n send him a prize,  
 For his pains he is welcome to spend it,  
 My example I know is more merry than wise,  
 Lord help me I never shall mend it.  
 Lord help, &c.

THE

## THE PLEASURES OF THE CHACE.

HARK! hark! the joy-inspiring horn  
Salutes the rosy, rising morn,

And echoes thro' the dale:

With clam'rous peals the hills resound,  
The hounds quick scented scow'r the ground,  
And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates, nor hedges can impede  
The bright high-mettled starting flead,

The jovial pack pursue;

Like lightning darting o'er the plains,  
The distant hills with speed he gains,  
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,  
And to the copse for shelter makes,

There pants a while for breath;

When now the noise alarms her ear,  
Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,  
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,  
The hounds their trembling victim seize,

She faints, she falls, she dies:

The distant courfers now come in,  
And join the loud triumphant din,  
Till echo rend the skies.

## THE HUMBLE ROOF.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,

With various cares I strove,

My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,

My all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,

The spring our drink bestow'd;

But when her lip the brim had press'd,

The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,  
 No other guest came nigh,  
 In them was giv'n (though gold was spar'd)  
 What gold could never buy.  
 No value has a splendid lot,  
 But as the means to prove  
 That from the castle to the cot,  
 The all of life was love.

---

### COWDEN KNOWS.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed  
 Sing their successful loves ;  
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,  
 And music fills the groves :  
 But my lov'd song is in the broom  
 So fair on Cowden Knows ;  
 For sure so sweet, so fair a bloom  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,  
 And won my yielding heart ;  
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,  
 Could play with half such art ;  
 He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,  
 The hills and dales all round,  
 Of Leader-haughs and Leader-fide,  
 Oh! how I blest the sound.

Not Teviot Braes so green and gay  
 May with this broom compare ;  
 Not Yarrow Banks in flow'ry May,  
 Nor Buie aboon Traquair.  
 Yet more delightful is the broom,  
 So fair on Cowden Knows ;  
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom,  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,  
 My peaceful happy home ;  
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes  
 At eve among the broom ;

Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains  
 Where Tweed and Teviot flows,  
 Convey me to the best of swains,  
 And my lov'd Cowden Knows.

---

### BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
 The streamers waving in the wind,  
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,  
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?  
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,  
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,  
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;  
 The rope slides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lady high pois'd in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,  
 And drops at once into her nest—  
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,  
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!  
 My vows shall ever true remain;  
 Let me kiss off that falling tear:  
 We only part to meet again.  
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;  
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
 In every port a mistress find;  
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
 For thou art present wheresoever I go.



If to fair India's coast we sail,  
 Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright;  
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;  
 Thy skin is ivory so white:  
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,  
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn:  
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,  
 William shall to his dear return:  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 Left precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;  
 No longer must she stay on board;  
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head:  
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:  
 Adieu! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

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### AWAY TO THE FIELD.

AWAY to the field, see the morning looks grey;  
 And, sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day;  
 The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,  
 And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,  
 And join with the jovial crew,  
 While the season invites, with all its delights,  
 The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight, when Aurora first dawns,  
 To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns;  
 To welcome the sun, now returning from rest,  
 Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.

Then hark in the morn, &c.

But oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,  
 To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;  
 While joyous, from valley to valley resounds  
 The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.

Then hark in the morn, &c.

See

See how the brave hunters with courage elate,  
 Leap hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate;  
 Borne by their bold courfers no danger they fear,  
 And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then hark in the morn, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace, quit the joys of the town,  
 And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down;  
 Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,  
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.

Then hark in the morn, &c.

### GUARDIAN ANGELS.

GUARDIAN angels, now protect me,

Send to me the swain I love;

Cupid with thy bow direct me,

Aid me all ye powers above.

Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes,

Tell him I love, and I despair;

Tell him, for him I live;

Say 'tis for him I grieve;

O may the shepherd be sincere!

Thro' the shady groves I'll wander,

Silent as the bird of night;

Near the brink of yonder fountain,

First Leander blest'd my sight;

Witness, ye groves and falls of water,

Echoes, repeat the vows he swore:

Can he forget me,

Will he neglect me,

Shall I never see him more!

Does he love and yet forsake me,

To admire a nymph more fair?

If 'tis so I'll wear the willow,

And esteem the happy pair.

Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,

Ne'er more the cares of life pursue;

The lark and philomel

Only shall hear me tell

What makes me bid the world adieu.

PUSH

PUSH ABOUT THE BRISK BOWL.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,  
While thus we sit round on the grats:

The lover who talks of his sufferings and smart,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;

Deserves, &c.

The wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten peif,  
And wishes to add to the mass,

Whatever the cumudgeon may think of himself,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass:

Deserves, &c.

The beau, who so smart with his well powder'd hair,  
An angel beholds in his glass,

And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass:

Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,  
Of Croesus the wealth to surpass;

But oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home,  
Claps the horns of an ox on the ass:

Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,  
With forehead well fronted with brass,

Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;  
Then you, my good friend, are an ass.

Then you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,  
Shall last be produc'd in this class;

The sick man a while may confide in his skill,  
But death proves the doctor an ass;

But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,  
By turns take our bottle and lass;

For he who his pleasures puts off for a day,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass;

Deserves, &c.

THE

## THE BOTTLE.

PUSH the bottle about, name the toast, and away,  
 With wine be our sentiments flowing;  
 We idly grow old while we drinking delay,  
 Be merry, my bucks, and keep doing.  
 Keep doing I say, fill it up to the brink,  
 'Tis a trouble to talk, 'tis a trouble to think,  
 'Tis a trouble—no, no!—'tis a pleasure to drink.  
 Prithee ring, we must have t'other bottle.

Our classic is Bacchus, his volumes prefer,  
 To all that's in old Aristotle;  
 But why, with quotations, should we make a stir?  
 We'll stir about quickly the bottle.  
 A fool once to find how the world could go round,  
 Leap'd into the deep, where the puppy was drown'd,  
 But deep had he drank, he the secret had found,  
 Such wonders are work'd by a bottle.

The sportsman arous'd, when the horn harks away,  
 Shrill echo tantwivy repeating,  
 His warm wishing wife clings around him to stay,  
 But shouts put to silence entreating.  
 Yet what is his chace to the chace that we boast?  
 So, ho! here's a bumper, hark, hark! to the toast.  
 Hit it off, and be quick, lest the scent should be lost,  
 And we're cast in the chace of a bottle.

Let Heroes or Neros run mad after Fame,  
 We're chang'd and rang'd ready for battle;  
 Let Placemen perplex, and let Patriots declaim,  
 Let both be indulg'd in their prattle;  
 But preachers o'er liquor, we always confute,  
 Without 'tis the toast, at our meetings we're mute,  
 For what, with our wine, can be worth a dispute,  
 Except 'tis a short-measure bottle.

Shou'd sickness with sadd'ning captivity join,  
 The ancients I'll equal in thinking;  
 But all my philosophy shou'd be my wine,  
 Despair I defy when I'm drinking.  
 Stood Death like a drawer to wait on me home,  
 Or, bailiff-like, dare he rush into my room,  
 I'd try for one moment to tip him a hum,  
 While I bumper'd the last of my bottle.  
 A LOVE

## A LOVE SONG.

LET him fond of fibbing invoke which he'll chuse,  
 Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, or Madam the Muse ;  
 Great names in the classical kingdom of letters,  
 But poets are apt to make free with their betters.

I scorn to say aught, save the thing which is true,  
 No Beauties I'll plunder, yet give mine her due ;  
 She has charms upon charms, such as few people may  
 view,

She has charm—for the tooth-ach, and eke for the ague.

Her lips—she has two, and her teeth they are white,  
 And what she puts into her mouth, they can bite ;  
 Black and all black her eyes, but what's worthy remark,  
 They are shut when she sleeps, and she's blind in the  
 dark.

Her ears from her cheeks equal distance are bearing,  
 'Cause each side her head should go partners in hearing :  
 The fall of her neck's the downfall of beholders,  
 Love tumbles them in by the head and the shoulders.

Her waist is—so—so, so waste no words about it ;  
 Her heart is within it, her stays are without it ;  
 Her breasts are so pair'd—two such breasts when you see,  
 You'll swear that no woman yet born e'er had three.

Her voice neither nightingales, no! nor canaries,  
 Nor all the wing'd warblers wild whistling vagaries ;  
 Nor shall I to instrument music compare it,  
 'Tis likely, if you were not deaf you might hear it.

Her legs are proportion'd to bear what they've carry'd,  
 And equally pair'd, as if happily marry'd ;  
 But Wedlock will sometimes the best friends divide.  
 By her spouse so she's serv'd when he throws them aside.

Not too tall, nor too short, but I'll venture to say,  
 She's a very good size—in the middling way.  
 She's—aye—that she is—she is all, but I'm wrong,  
 Her ALL I can't say, for I've sung ALL my song.

WHAT<sup>3</sup>



# WHAT'S THAT TO ME?

THE blue clouds from the skies are fled,  
And vapours cap the mountain's head ;  
The lord of day resigns his reign,  
While twilight ushers in her train.

But, what's all this to me ?

By shepherds whistling o'er the wold,  
Her tinkling flocks are drove to fold ;  
Her brimming pail the milk-maid bears,  
And hears her love, or thinks she hears——

Yet, what's all that to me ?

From reeking pools the steams ascend,  
Tall leafy trees their shades extend ;  
Evening appears in matron grey,  
And puts to blush the rakish day.

Still, what's all this to me ?

The flow'ry beds have lost their bloom,  
The verdant grove's conceal'd in gloom,  
The landscapes die upon the sight,  
And chilly spreads the veil of night,

Well ! what's all that to me ?

Though dismal birds begin to howl,  
The fluting bat, the howling owl ;  
And glow-worms glimmer feeble rays,  
The link-boys of the lightfoot fays,

Why, what's all that to me ?

Yes, yes, in truth, for when 'twas dark  
A light I spy'd, and bless'd the mark :  
I hemm'd, and quick the casement op'd,  
How leap'd my heart, my search was stopp'd.

And, that was much to me.

" Hift, (cries my fair one) softly creep,  
" The old folks are both fast asleep,  
" Lord ! how our house-dog makes a din !  
" But I'll steal down and let you in."

Now, what do you think of me ?

When

When safe we met, few words were said,  
 For fear by voice to be betray'd ;—  
 So what was done I will not say,  
 'Twas Love look'd on and bid us play.

But, what is that to thee ?

Love's raptur'd rites are secret joys,  
 Profan'd by fots and babbling boys ;  
 But we initiates never boast,  
 Fidelity's our general toast.

Here's that, my friend, to thee.

### BEAUTY AND WINE.

ONE day at her toilet as Venus began  
 To prepare for her face-making duty,  
 Bacchus stood at her elbow, and swore that her plan  
 Wou'd not help it, but hinder her beauty.

A bottle young Semele held up to view,  
 And begg'd she'd observe his directions—  
 This burgundy, dear Cytherea, will do,  
 'Tis a rouge that refines all complexions.

Too polite to refuse him, the bumper she sips,  
 On his knees, the buck begg'd she'd encore ;  
 The joy-giving goddess, with wine-moisten'd lips,  
 Declar'd she wou'd hobnob oncc more.

Out of window each wash, paste, and powder he hurl'd,  
 And the god of the grape vow'd to join ;  
 Sheok hands, sign'd, and seal'd, then bid Fame tell the  
 world,  
 The union of Beauty and Wine.

### CORN RIGGS ARE BONNY.

MY Patie is a lover gay,  
 His brow is never cloudy,  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
 His face is fair and ruddy :

His shape is handsome, middle size,  
 He's stately in his walking,  
 The shining of his een surprise,  
 'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bank,  
 Where yellow corn was growing,  
 There many a kindly word he spoke,  
 That set my heart a glowing:  
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he would be mine,  
 And lov'd me best of any,  
 That gave me like to sing finfine,  
 O corn riggs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind,  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
 Since we for yielding are design'd,  
 We chasterly should be granting.  
 Then I'll comply and marry Pat,  
 And fine my cockernony,  
 He's free to touzle air or late,  
 When corn riggs are bonny.

### UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

YOUNG Colin having much to say,  
 In secret to a maid,  
 Persuaded her to leave the hay,  
 And seek th' embow'ring shade;  
 And after roving with his mate  
 Where none could hear or see,  
 Upon the velvet ground they sat  
 Under the greenwood tree.

Your charms, says Colin, warm my breast,  
 What must I for them give?  
 Nor night nor day can I have rest,  
 I can't without you live,  
 My flocks, my herds, my all is thine,  
 Could you and I agree,  
 O say, you to my wish incline  
 Under the greenwood tree.

Too late you tempt my heart, fond swain,  
 The wary lass replies,  
 A lad who must not sue in vain,  
 Now for my favour tries;  
 He bids me name the sacred day,  
 In all things we agree;  
 Then why should you and I now stay  
 Under the greenwood tree?

### FAIR HEBE.

FAIR Hebe. I left with a cautious design,  
 To escape from her charms, and to drown 'em in wine;  
 I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,  
 The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.  
 I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,  
 Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd,  
 Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,  
 That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,  
 I came for your counsel to find out a fault.  
 If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,  
 To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.  
 What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,  
 While like lightning she darts thro' each throbbing vein?  
 While no cure I can meet with from wine, or from arms,  
 My senses confirm me a slave to her charms.

### THE MERRY FELLOW.

HE that will not merry merry be  
 With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,  
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,  
 And fast bound to a post.  
 Let him be merry merry there,  
 And we'll be merry merry here;  
 For who can know where we shall go,  
 To be merry another year?

He

He that will not merry merry be  
And take his glafs in courfe,  
May he be obliged to drink fmall beer,  
With ne'er a penny in his purfe.

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be  
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,  
May he be plagu'd with a fcoling wife,  
To confound him with her noife.

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be  
With his miftrefs in his bed,  
Let him be buried in the church-yard,  
And me put in his ftead.

Let him be merry, &c.

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### HARK, THE HUNTSMAN'S BEGUN.

HARK! the huntsman's begun to found the fhriU horn,  
Come quickly unkennel your hounds;  
'Tis a beautiful glittering, golden ey'd morn,  
We'll chafe the fox over the grounds.

See yonder fits Reynard, fo crafty and fly,  
Come faddle your courfers apace;  
The hounds have a fcent, and are all in full cry,  
They long to be giving him chace.

The huntfmen are mounted, the fteed feels the fpur,  
And quickly they fcur it along;  
Rapid after the fox runs each mufical cur,  
Follow, follow, my boys, is the fong.

O'er mountains and vallies we skim it away,  
Now Reynard's almoft out of fight;  
But fooner than lofe him we'll fpend the whole day  
In hunting, for that's our delight.

By eager purfuing we'll have him at laft,  
He's too tired, poor rogue, down he lies;  
Now farts up afrefh, and young Snap has him faft,  
He trembles, kicks, ftruggles, and dies.

WHAT



## WHAT A CHARMING THING'S A BATTLE.

WHAT a charming thing's a battle,  
 Trumpets founding, drums a-beating ;  
 Crack, crack, crack, the cannons rattle,  
 Every heart with joy elating.  
 With what pleasure are we spying,  
 From the front, and from the rear,  
 Round us in the smoaky air,  
 Heads and limbs and bullets flying !  
 Then the groans of soldiers dying ;  
 Just like sparrows as it were,  
 At each pop  
 Hundreds drop,  
 With the muskets prittle prattle :  
 Kill'd and wounded  
 Lie confounded ;  
 What a charming thing's a battle !  
 But the pleasant joke of all,  
 Is when to close attack we fall ;  
 Like mad bulls each other butting,  
 Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting ;  
 Horse and foot,  
 All go to'r,  
 Kill's the word, both men and cattle ;  
 Then to plunder,  
 Blood and thunder,  
 What a charming thing's a battle !

## COME ROUSE, BROTHER SPORTSMAN.

COME, rouse, brother sportsman, the hunters all cry,  
 We've got a good scent, and a fav'ring sky ;  
 The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,  
 Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long.  
 Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,  
 Peep'd in at our windows, and calls to the chase ;  
 He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,  
 And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet

Sweet Molly may tease you, perhaps to lie down ;  
 And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown ;  
 But tell her, that love must to hunting give place,  
 For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chase.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy ;  
 At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly ;  
 They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll ;  
 We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the King,  
 From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring ;  
 To George peace and glory may Heaven dispense,  
 And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

### HOW HAPPY WERE MY DAYS.

HOW happy were my days till now !

I ne'er did sorrow feel ;  
 With joy I rose to milk my cow,  
 Or turn my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,  
 Like any bird I sung,  
 Till he pretended love, and I  
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O! the fool! the silly, silly fool,  
 Who trusts what man may be!

I wish I was a maid again,  
 And in my own country.

### WHEN I WAS A YOUNKER.

WHEN I was a younker and liv'd with my dad,  
 The neighbours all thought me a smart little lad,  
 My mammy she call'd me a white-headed boy,  
 Because with the girls I lik'd for to toy.  
 There was Ciss, Priss, Letty, and Betty and Toll,  
 With Meg, Peg, Jenny and Winny and Moll,  
 I flatter and chatter so sprightly and gay,  
 I rumble 'em, tumble 'em that's my way.

One

One fine frosty morning a going to school,  
Young Moggy I met, and she call'd me a fool,  
Her mouth was a primmer, a lesson I took ;  
I swore it was pretty and kiss'd the book ;  
But school, fool, primmer, and trimmer and birch,  
And boys for the girls I have left in the lurch.

I flatter, &c.

Tis very well known I can dance a good jig,  
And at cudgels from Robin I won a fat pig,  
I wrestle a fall, and a bar I can fling,  
And when o'er the flaggon most sweetly can sing,  
But pig, jig, wicket, and cricket and ball,  
I'd give up to wrestle with Moggy a fall.

I flatter, &c.

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### ASSIST ME, YE LADS.

ASSIST me, ye lads, that have hearts free from guile,  
To sing the just praise of Hibernia's isle ;  
Where true hospitality opens each door,  
And Friendship detains us for one bottle more.

#### CHORUS.

Keith mella faltaruth one bottle more,  
Shaugh—Dr. Dorus——o'er and o'er.  
Tho' commerce de lines, we have credit galore,  
And generous hearts to give one bottle more.

Dicky Twiss, your vile taunts on our country forbear,  
With our bulls and our brogues we are true and sincere ;  
And if but one gallon remains in our store,  
Our friends shall not part without one bottle more,

Keith mella, &c.

At Candy's in Church-street, could shew you a feat,  
Where five of us Irishmen lately did meet ;  
At gallons a piece we all paid off our score,  
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Keith mella, &c.

A:

At five in the morning we strove for to part,  
But Friendship did grapple each man by the heart,  
Whose slightest touch makes a brave Irishman roar,  
With a whack for Shilelah and one dozen more.

Keith mella, &c.

When Sol darts his beams thro' our windows so bright,  
Well pleas'd to behold us lov'd children of night,  
We part with our hearts neither sorry nor sore,  
But long, soon again, to take one dozen more.

Keith mella, &c.

---

N E P T U N E

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,  
Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,  
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of its brine  
Would have fill'd the vast ocean with gen'rous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,  
For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain!  
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;  
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more haste,  
Secure in the evening of such a repast;  
And when he'd got tipsey have taken his nap,  
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,  
Consider how glorious Phœbus would shine;  
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,  
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when blest with such rain,  
To fill all our vessels and fill them again!  
Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er a dish,  
Might jump in the river and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment on every brow,  
Hob, as great as a prince, dancing after the plough!  
The birds in the air as they play on the wing,  
Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.

The

The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,  
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;  
And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know,  
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we enjoy'd ?  
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd !  
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his power,  
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

### LEAVE NEIGHBOURS, YOUR WORK.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport and to  
play,  
Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay ;  
No day through the year shall more chearful be seen,  
For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green.

I love Sue and Sue loves me,  
And while the wind blows,  
And while the mill goes,  
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we ?

Let lords and fine folks who for wealth take a bribe,  
Be marry'd to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd ;  
My body is stout, and my health is as sound ;  
And my love like my courage will never give ground.  
I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,  
And prudently take the best bidders to bed :  
Such singing and sealing's no part of our bliss,  
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.  
I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor one of your beaux,  
Nor bounces nor flatters, nor wears your fine cloaths ;  
Yet nothing he'll borrow from folks of high life,  
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.  
I love Sue, &c.  
While



While thus I am able to work at my mill ;  
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lie still ;  
Our joys shall continue and ever be new,  
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

I love Sue, &c.

DAMON AND FLORELLA.

HE. CAST, my love, thine eyes around,  
See the sportive lambskins play ;  
Nature gaily decks the ground,  
All in honour of the May :  
Like the sparrow and the dove,  
Listen to the voice of love.

SHE. Damon, thou hast found me long,  
List'ning to thy soothing tale,  
And thy soft persuasive tongue,  
Often held me in the dale :  
Take, oh! Damon, while I live,  
All which virtue ought to give.

HE. Not the verdure of the grove,  
Not the garden's fairest flow'r,  
Nor the meads, where lovers rove,  
Temp'ed by the vernal hour,  
Can delight thy Damon's eye,  
If Florella is not by.

SHE. Not the water's gentle fall,  
By the bank with poplars crown'd ;  
Not the feather'd songsters all,  
Nor the flute's melodious sound,  
Can delight Florella's ear,  
If her Damon is not near.

BOTH. Let us love, and let us live,  
Like the cheerful season gay,  
Banish care, and let us give,  
Tribute to the fragrant May ;  
Like the sparrow and the dove,  
Listen to the voice of love.

F

WHEN

## WHEN INNOCENT PASTIME.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,

Upon a green meadow or under a tree,  
Ere Nancy became a fine lady in town,  
How lovely and loving and bonny was she!

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,  
Let no new whim take thy fancy from me,  
Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,  
Favour thy Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy,  
Favour thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen,  
Can losing of trifles a heart-aching be?

Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears from those een,  
That look with indifference on poor dying me?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,  
Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me,  
Oh! as thou art bonny be faithful as any,  
Think on thy Jemmy, think on thy Jemmy,  
Think on thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer, on ev'ry sweet hour,  
That slid away softly between thee and me,  
Ere squirrels and beaux and their fopp'ry had pow'r  
To rival my love and impose upon thee,

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,  
Let thy desires be all center'd in me,  
Oh! as thou art bonny be prudent as any,  
Love thy own Jemmy, love thy own Jemmy,  
Love thy own Jemmy who doats upon thee.

## THE TOPER.

YE lads of true spirit, pay courtship to claret,  
Relieve'd from the trouble of thinking;  
A fool long ago said, we nothing could know,  
The fellow knew nothing of drinking.  
To pour over Plato, or practise with Cato,  
Dispassionates, dunces might make us;  
But men now more wise, self-denial despise,  
And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big wigg'd, in fine coach, see the Doctor approach,  
 And solemnly up the stairs pace,  
 Gravely smell on his cane, apply finger to vein,  
 And count the repeats with grimace.  
 As he holds pen in hand, Life and Death's at a stand,  
 A toss-up which party will take us ;  
 Away with his cant, no prescription we want,  
 But the nourishing nostrum of Bacchus.

We jollily join in the practice of wine,  
 While misers 'midst millions are pining;  
 While ladies are scorning, and lovers are mourning,  
 We laugh at wealth, winching and whining,  
 Drink, drink, now 'tis prime, toss a bottle to Time,  
 He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us ;  
 His threats we prevent, and his cracks we cement,  
 By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

What work there is made, by the newspaper trade,  
 Of this man and t'other man's station ;  
 The Ins are all bad, and the Outs are all mad,  
 In and out is the cry of the nation.  
 The politic patter which both parties chatter,  
 From bumpering freely shan't shake us ;  
 With half pints in hand, independent we'll stand,  
 To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motion well tim'd, you're charg'd and you're  
 prim'd,  
 Have a care!—Right and l-ft, and make ready—  
 Right hand to glass join—at lips rest the wine—  
 But be in your exercise steady.  
 Our levels we boast, when our women we toast,  
 May graciously they undertake us ;  
 No more we desire, to drink and give fire,  
 And volley to BEAUTY and BACCHUS.

---

### RURAL FELICITY.

LET court lovers pay adorations to crown ,  
 That man is a monarch for me,  
 Who chearful improves the few acres he owns,  
 Unenvying, industrious, and free.

At night, in high health, from his labour he rests,  
His household sit round in a row,  
Wife, children and servants, domestical guests,  
Such circles in town can ye shew?

He smiles on his babes, as some strive for his knee,  
And some to their mother's neck cling,  
While playful the prattlers for place disagree,  
The roof with their shrill trebles ring.

Those Cynics who brood o'er a single life's spleen,  
The offspring they have dare not own,  
For happy-wed pairs can enjoy the fond scene  
To you ye unsocials unknown.

His dame the good man of the house thus address'd:—  
'Twas so with us when we were young:  
Her hand within his he with gentleness press'd,  
While sentiment prompted his tongue.

I remember the day of my falling in love,  
How fearful I felt it came to woe;  
I hope that those boys will as true hearted prove,  
And our lasses, my dear, look like you.

A tear of joy starting he kiss'd from her cheek,  
Love gratefully glowing her face,  
Too full her fond heart, not a word cou'd she speak,  
But, sighing return'd his embrace.

'Tis by such endearments affection is shewn,  
In silence more nobly express'd,  
Than all the cant phrase, the Bon Ton of the town,  
Where Love is a Monmouth-street guest.

Go on, ye high births, and pretend to despise  
Those scenes which to you are unknown;  
But laugh not too long, rather aim to be wise,  
And compare such a life with your own.

Vain jesters, be mute, I'll a sentiment give,  
A toast which esteem will not scorn;  
May they who can taste them, Love's kisses receive,  
And tendreaes meet a return.



THE TIMES.

GOOD people all both great and small,  
 And eke and aye, and also:  
 Pray lend an ear, and you shall hear,  
 And then I need not bawl so.  
 There was a time, when times were good,  
 The ancient Bard in rhyme sings;  
 So use time well, 'tis time we should,  
 We should so, did we time things.

But out of time, and out of tune,  
 We helter skelter go forth;  
 Sometimes too late, sometimes too soon,  
 Good lack-a-day, and so forth.  
 We give great folks the greatest crimes,  
 They can afford to father 'em,  
 But so impartial are the times,  
 We're guilty, omnium gatherum.

Fox-hunting, boldly bucks embrace,  
 But sportsmen of discernment,  
 Abroad will chuse a Nabob's chase,  
 Or hunt at home preferment:  
 To hunt the Statesman, who's in play,  
 When Patriots cast about, Sir,  
 A pension stops the hark-away,  
 And so the field's flung out, Sir.

In such place-tempting times as these,  
 Upright be our intentions;  
 Ill fare the loon who first took fees,  
 And him who first paid pensions.  
 Yet sinecures we'll not abuse,  
 Nor their illustrious givers,  
 We quarrel now, 'cause we can't chuse  
 Who shou'd be the receivers.

Dear Englishmen and country-folks,  
 Don't give yourselves uneas'ness,  
 Nor mind the flouts, the shouts, the jokes,  
 But only mind your bus'ness.



Wou'd one mind one, the kingdom through,  
And work within his station,  
At home he'll find enough to do,  
And not undo the nation.

So to conclude, and make an end,  
Of this nice-diction'd ditty,  
Indeed 'tis time, the times shou'd mend,  
In country, court, and city,  
For our good Queen our song we'll sing—  
May she ne'er wake or sleep ill;  
And next, my lads—God blefs the King,  
And all his faithful people.

---

### FAIR PLAY.

FRIENDS, Britons and countrymen, heed what I say,  
Let Englishmen ever shew all folks fair play;  
Look up, and reflect, ere you dare to despise,  
We are all sons alike of one LORD of the skies.

Does HE give to the Savage, the Turk or the Jew,  
The Indian or Catholic, less than to you?  
But Prejudice blinds, that mind-madd'ning Elf,  
We all wou'd be wiser than WISDOM itself.

The unfeeling Base deny Sorrow a tear,  
Vulgarities dare at Deformity sneer;  
Tho' pity, 'tis true, but Observance will find  
The term Vulgar takes in two-thirds of mankind.

We wrangle, we ridicule, laugh, and despair,  
Then rashly our, what we call Reasons declare;  
Illib'ral on customs and countries decree;  
And sentence each being born t'other side sea.

At Scotchmen we spurn, and at Irishmen sneer;  
Partiality, prithee a word in your ear—  
With looks of contempt other nations you view,  
With equal injustice they thus deride you.

Hospitality

Hospitality, somehow, was banish'd from town,  
Good-Nature enquir'd where Welcome was flown;  
By Faction drove off, she returns here no more,  
Contentedly settled on Ireland's shore.

For the Scots—if we suffer not Party to rate,  
There are wise men among 'em; and good men, and  
great;  
Where'er merit's found, give merit its due,  
To praise the praise-worthy, adds merit to you.

To Oblivion consign those distinctions of soil,  
Distinctions among men all born in one isle;  
The same sea encircles our shores with its tide,  
What Creation unites thus shall Clamour divide.

Here's to all good fellows, in ev'ry degree,  
Who dare do as we do, drink, think, and speak free;  
And here's to those ladies who Liberty prove,  
And pledge from their hearts this toast, **FREEDOM IN  
LOVE.**

---

### LOVE's A SWEET PASSION.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?  
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content?  
Since I suffer with pleasure why should I complain,  
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?  
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,  
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,  
And by passionate silence I make my love known;  
But oh! how I'm blest, when so kind she does prove,  
By some willing mistake to discover her love;  
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,  
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name!

How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are her charms!  
Her embraces how joyful! how peaceful her arms!

Sure

Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;  
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :  
 And to Beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield ;  
 For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

### HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

HOW sweet in the woodlands,  
 With fleet hound and horn,  
 To awake the sweet echo,  
 And taste the fresh morn !  
 But hard is the chace,  
 My fond heart must pursue,  
 Since Daphne, dear Daphne,  
 Is lost to my view.

Affist me, chaste Dian,  
 The nymph to regain,  
 More wild than the roebuck.  
 And wing'd with disdain,  
 In pity o'ertake her,  
 Who wounds as she flies.  
 Though Daphne persuades,  
 'Tis Myrtillo that dies.

### PHELIM's RESOLUTION.

SAYS Phelim, in Ireland no longer I'll stay.  
 I've got so much money my debts I can't pay,  
 I will go to England and pass for a Lord,  
 A bag-wig by my side, on my head a long sword.  
 Sing Ballinamone ora, an English Lady for me.

As I travel along how the people will stare,  
 At my coach and six horses drawn by an old mare,  
 I won't sleep on the road, nor make no delays,  
 But lest I be weary, I'll go in ten days.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

And

And when I arrive safe at London by sea,  
I'll lodge at St. James's, or else at Bear-key ;  
I'll fence at assemblies, play cards at a ball,  
And court some rich heiress worth nothing at all.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

Each day I will walk all around cross the Park,  
Each moon-shiny night, about noon when 'tis dark,  
With my coat laced over, the beaux to alarm,  
And my hat in my hand to keep my wig warm.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

Each night at the play in a box I will shine,  
And tell some rich widow she is more divine  
Than Pluto or Vulcan, or the goddess of May ;  
And with my fine speeches her heart I'll betray.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

I'll drink her good health when I dine ev'ry morn,  
And give her a fine silver cup made of horn ;  
I'll make verses on her in prose and in rhyme,  
And send her two letters by the post at one time.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

Each night at her toilet when she rises from bed,  
When she combs her hands and washes her head,  
With my eyes very modest I'll stare in her face,  
And tell her for love that my guts burn and blaze.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

I'll persuade her to wed in a day or two more,  
Next morning betimes, at noon about four,  
To church I will carry my beautiful bride,  
On a pillion before me, close by my left side.

Sings Ballinamone ora, &c.

And when we are married the drums they shall ring,  
The bells they shall beat, and the fiddler shall sing,  
To Dublin I'll carry my charmer straightway,  
In the winter when they are making of hay.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

My Aunt Mac Mahon I'll invite to the feast,  
Where potatoes and mutton for sauce shall be drest,  
Arrack punch made of whiskey, in bumpers shall flow,  
And all my relations shall come to the show.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

THE

# THE GOOD SHEPHERDS.

COME, come. my good Shepherds, our flocks we must  
shear,  
In your holiday suits with your lasses appear:  
The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free ;  
And who are so guiltless, so happy, as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught ;  
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught:  
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,  
For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;  
But we all the children of nature are bred :  
By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd,  
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.

The giant, ambition. we never can dread ;  
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;  
Content and sweet chearfulness open our door ;  
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;  
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel ;  
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,  
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

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# THE BLUSH OF AURORA.

THE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,  
And dew-drops bespangle the sweet scented thorn ;  
Then sound, brother sportsman, sound, sound the gay  
horn,  
'Till Phœbus awaken the day ;  
And see now he rises in splendor how bright,  
Io Pæan for Phœbus the God of Delight ;  
All glorious in beauty now vanish the night,  
Then mount, boys, to horse and away.

What



What raptures can equal the joy of the chase,  
 Health, bloom, and contentment appear in each face,  
 And in our swift coursers what beauty and grace  
     While we the fleet stag do pursue;  
 At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,  
 Struck by terror he bursts from the forest's wide bounds,  
 And tho' like the light'ning he darts o'er the grounds,  
     Yet still, boys, we keep him in view.

When chas'd, till quite spent, he his life does resign,  
 Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,  
 And revel in honour of Nimrod-divine,  
     That hunter so mighty of fame;  
 Our glasses then charge to our country and king,  
 Love and beauty we'll charge to, and joyfully sing,  
 Wishing health and success 'till we make the house ring,  
     To all sportsmen and sons of the game.

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### T H E H U M.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,  
 While thus we sit round on the—stay!  
 What business have I an old song to impart,  
 When I, Sirs, a new one can say, can say,  
     When I, Sirs, a new one can say.

What shall I first say, or what shall I first do?  
 What best will my bad voice become?  
 Why, faith, Sirs, I'll strive my verses to shew,  
 That life is, alas! but a Hum.

Children weep at their birth, and old men when they die,  
 At death the most happy look glum;  
 At our entrance and exit we equally cry,  
 Which proves our life's plainly a Hum.

Law and physic you see will make sure of a fee,  
 What advice to you gratis will come?  
 If poor, you are lost, though merit you boast,  
 For worth without wealth is a Hum.

Acquaint-

Acquaintance pretend that your fortune they'll mend,  
 And vow to your service they'll come;  
 But be you in need, and you'll find that indeed,  
 Modern Friendship is merely a Hum.

When some ladies kneel, small devotion they feel,  
 (But let us be modest and mum)  
 At the altar they bow, but 'tis only for shew,  
 Religion with them is a Hum.

We are hum'd from our birth, till we're hum'd into earth,  
 To the end of our jokes then we come:  
 Take your glass, my brisk brother, and I'll take another,  
 And thus make the most of a Hum, a Hum.  
 And let's make the most of a Hum.

### YE FAIR MARRIED DAMES.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore  
 That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more,  
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,  
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,  
 Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh;  
 But roses and lilies and sighs pass away,  
 And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar,  
 Though music in both, they are both apt to jar;  
 Now tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,  
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,  
 Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command,  
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill,  
 For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,  
 Turn the chief of your care from your race to your mind,  
 'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,  
 And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

THE SWEETHEARTS.

SINCE the world is so old, and the times are so new,  
And ev'ry thing talk'd of, except what is true,  
Among other stories my fable may pass,  
Of four or five sweethearts who courted a lass.

Derry down, &c.

The first was from France, a-la-mode de Paris,  
All fashion, all feather, bien Monsieur poudré ;  
He bow'd, he took snuff, cut a caper, and then  
He bow'd, cut a caper, and took snuff agen.

Derry down.

A Dutchman advanc'd, when the lady he saw,  
He dropp'd down his pipe, and he waddl'd out yaw ;  
With hands hid in pocket, and unpolish'd leer,  
As frogs sing in courtship, so croak'd out Mynheer.

Derry down.

From Connaught itself, faith, another beau came ;  
Macfinnin Macgragh Ballingbrough was his name ;  
He bow'd to the lass, and he star'd at Mounseer,  
Clapp'd hand on his sword, and said, Ah !—Arrah, my  
dear !

Derry down.

The next a Mefs John, of rank Methodism taint,  
Who thought like a sinner, but look'd like a saint ;  
Clos'd hands, twirl'd his thumbs, mov'd muckle his face,  
Then turn'd up his eyes as about to say grace.

Derry down.

A neat Irish sailor in holiday trim,  
Who long lov'd the lass, and the lass had lov'd him,  
Athwart them all stept, under arm tofs'd his switch,  
Squar'd his hat, op'd his pouch, gave his trowsers a  
hitch.

Derry down.

He along-side her fell, and he grappl'd on board,  
She struck the first broadside of kisses he pour'd ;  
Then he tow'd her to church, and as to the rest,  
What afterwards follow'd is easily guess'd.

Derry down, &c.

# THE BOXING BISHOP.

I SING of a prelate as pious and humble,  
As archbishop Lucifer when he did tumble;  
And headlong from heaven most rapidly fell,  
Ambitious to be the lord primate of hell.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

But Satan, they say, to his clergy is civil,  
Whilst ours is more saucy and proud than the devil;  
His grace in his passion, forgetting decorum,  
Kicks all his poor curates like foot-balls before him.

Derry down, &c.

How much to St. Paul is this prelate unlike;  
Who expressly forbids any bishop to strike!  
The Saint spent his time both in preaching and writing,  
And not like a buffer, in boxing and fighting.

Derry down, &c.

With "rascal and scoundrel!" he salutes his poor clergy,  
And "get from my diocese, Sirrah, I charge ye!"  
They, trembling, expect the poor CARPENTER's fate,  
A kick on the breech, or a blow on the pate.

Derry down, &c.

His grace with his passion, his pride and his fury,  
Was somewhat afraid to encounter a jury:  
And, dreading the lawyers harangues and their clatter,  
Gave the Carpenter money to GLEW up the matter.

Derry down, &c.

But the clergy afraid, and in awe of his grace,  
All tremble to see his distortion of face;  
That his grace may confirm 'em each moment, they fear,  
Like the bishops of Rome, by a box on the ear.

Derry down, &c.

Good God! that lawn sleeves, and a rochet, and mitre,  
Should transform him thus to a bruiser and smiter!  
And that no other bishop we know of alive,  
But this son of a coachman his parsons can drive.

Derry down, &c.

His

His clergy, 'tis said, with most earnest devotion,  
Do heartily pray for his lordship's promotion;  
And so eager are they for translating his grace,  
That they wish him sincerely in Lucifer's place.  
Derry down, &c.

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# THE BUFFER'S CHARACTER EXEMPLIFIED,

BY HIS MASTER.

QUOTH Satan with glee, the episcopal throne  
Is fill'd by a favourite son of my own;  
And whilst he with preferments and honour is cramm'd,  
The beggarly clergy may starve, and be damn'd.  
Derry down, &c.

Tho' High Churchmen assert, with a pious devotion,  
That Providence order'd his grace's promotion;  
Yet I know the translation did cost a good sum,  
And thousands were laid on fat S——rg's bum.  
Derry down, &c.

And now 'tis the cry—I could not put a worse in.  
To provoke the poor clergy, and set them to cursing;  
Yet a worse they should have, if a worse I could find,  
An imp that was fouler, or more to my mind.  
Derry down, &c.

I hate all the parsons; they're poor and they're paultry,  
Except L—x the solemn, and petulant ——  
The first is my picture, in figure and face,  
And the other the image and cut of his grace.  
Derry down, &c.

Are for Irish-bred clergy, a gown of black stuff,  
And fifty a year, is provision enough;  
His presumption in such men to drink or to eat,  
At a time when religion is quite out of date.  
Derry down, &c.



The rascals will grumble at starving to death,  
In that very land where they first drew their breath;  
And wish that old Alma had sunk in the sea,  
Ere they were inveigled to take a degree.

Derry down, &c.

Let the curates rail on, let them scribble and write,  
His lordship regards not their jibes, nor their spite;  
He's a man of too high and exalted a spirit,  
To give them his livings, forsooth, for their merit.

Derry down, &c.

They may labour like horses, may pray, and may fast  
In hopes to attain a reward at the last;  
He'll buffet them well, to assist their devotion,  
For he envies them not an hereafter promotion!

Derry down, &c.

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### HOOT AWA, YE LOON.

WHEN weary Sol gang'd down the west,  
And filler Cynthia rose,  
The flow'r-enamel'd banks I press'd,  
Where crystal Eden flows;  
Young Jockey sat him by my side,  
I ken'd his meaning soon;  
He ask'd a kiss, I scornful cry'd,  
Ah! hoot awa, ye loon.

Hoot awa, ye loon,

Ah! hoot awa, ye loon.

He ask'd a kiss, I scornful cry'd,

Ah! hoot awa, ye loon.

Dear Peggy, dinna flout a youth,  
Or gi that bosom pain,  
Which pants wi honour and wi truth,  
To take thee for its ain.

Then on his pipe he sweetly play'd  
A maist delightful tune,

But na mair words to him I said,

Than "Hoot awa, ye loon."

Hoot awa, ye loon, &c.

He said Mefs John should us unite,  
 If I to kirk wad gang;  
 My bosom beat wi new delight,  
 Wi him I went alang;  
 The bonny lad I found sincere,  
 Nor waining like the moon;  
 So dear I loo him, I na mair  
 Will " Hoot awa, ye loon."  
 Hoot awa, ye loon, &c.

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### SAINT PATRICK'S DAY:

WELL met, my good friends, to the laudable ends  
 Of Society, Mirth, and good Humour;  
 No nation on earth (thank the soil gave us birth)  
 United in love more than we are:  
 The sociable graces I see in your faces,  
 Then each fill a glafs to regale—a;  
 For this is the Day, as old histories say,  
 That gave us the Saint of Shillela.

His memory rare let us ever revere,  
 So up with your bumpers to crown it;  
 But stay—in his wine let each lad steep a vine  
 Of the Shamrockshire Plant 'till he drown it.  
 The emblem is good, for it means when of food  
 You have taken a plentiful meal—a;  
 Yqu should it dilute, and without all dispute,  
 It was done by the Saint of Shillela.

Great George, let some brag on, who conquer'd the dra-  
 gon,  
 And burv'd his spear in his belly;  
 Of St. Andrew too, and his bonnet so blue,  
 There's many fine stories will tell ye;  
 Of Taffy's big leek, then there's others will speak,  
 In raptures a fabulous tale—a,  
 But Paddy's white wand, on true record doth stand,  
 To prove him the Saint of Shillela.

Toad, serpent and snake, from each bramble and brake,  
 He soon by his power collected ;  
 No plague thro' the land but repair'd to his wand,  
 As by Heav'n's kind order directed ;  
 When swarm'd together, like birds of a feather,  
 He sent them the ocean to sail—a ;  
 And since, there's no vermin can do the least harm in  
 The purify'd Land of Shillela.

From hence, too, we find, many ills of the mind  
 Were banish'd from our happy dwelling ;  
 Each soul is the seat of what's noble and great,  
 Tho' vain my own praise to be telling :  
 While our neighbours around with these reptiles abound,  
 Thro' envy they suffer and rail—a ;  
 But still let them curse, with their own venom burst,  
 At the happier Fate of Shillela.

We are open and free to the heart you may see,  
 For candour no people before us ;  
 Polite and sincere, as witness the Fair  
 In every country adore us ;  
 Maids, widows and wives, for our offices strive,  
 And after us run to prevail—a ;  
 For who can produce what's so fit for their use,  
 As a choice standing Plant of Shillela.

The service in war, why let Britons declare,  
 That by land and by sea we have done them ;  
 With truth they may sing, that for country and king  
 No heroes more honour have won them :  
 With fortune and blood we have firmly stood,  
 And never, like some, turn'd tail—a :  
 And we're ready again, on hill, ocean, or plain,  
 To prove we're the Sons of Shillela.

Then why this distinction 'gainst such a brave nation ?  
 Why all this abuse and reflection ?  
 One king and one cause, our religion and laws  
 Should twine us in mutual affection ;  
 But let rancour still bite, we'll together unite,  
 And in brotherly love never fail—a ;  
 And thus, with good cheer, may live many a year,  
 To remember the Saint of Shillela.

## THE HUNT OF THE STAG.

THE stag thro' the forest, when rous'd by the horn,  
 Sore frightened, high bounding, flies, wretched, forlorn:  
 Quick when rous'd by the horn,  
 Sore frightened, high bounding, flies, wretched, forlorn:  
 Quick panting, heart bursting, the hounds now in view,  
 Speed doubles, speed doubles, they eager pursue, pursue,  
 Speed doubles, they eager pursue, pursue,  
 Speed doubles, they eager pursue.

But 'scaping the hunters again thro' the groves,  
 Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves;  
 Not so in his soul, who from tyrant love flies,  
 The shaft overtakes him, despairing, he dies.  
 The shaft overtakes, &c.

## DOWN THE BURN AND THRO' THE MEAD.

DOWN the burn and thro' the mead,  
 Her golden locks wav'd o'er her brow;  
 Johnny, lilting, tun'd his reed,  
 And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.  
 Dear she lov'd the well known sang,  
 While her Johnny,  
 Blithe and bonny,  
 Sung her praise the whole day lang.

Down the burn and thro' the mead,  
 Her golden locks wav'd o'er her brow;  
 Johnny, lilting, tun'd his reed,  
 And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.

Costly claiths she had but few,  
 Of rings and jewels nae great store;  
 Her face was fair, her love was true,  
 And Johnny wisely wish'd nae more:  
 Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize,  
 O'er the mountain,  
 Near the fountain,  
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.

Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,  
 And Johnny cou'd nae these impart ;  
 Youthful Mary's greatest wealth,  
 Was still her faithful Johnny's heart :  
 Sweet the joys that lovers find,  
     Great the treasure,  
     Rich the pleasure,  
 Where the heart is al - ys kind.  
                                     Down the burn, &c.

---

THO' BACCHUS MAY BOAST, &c.

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care killing bowl,  
 And Folly in thought drowning revels delight ;  
 Such worship, alas ! hath no charms for the soul,  
     When softer devotions the senses invite ;  
                                     When softer devotions, &c.

To the arrows of fate, or the canker of care,  
 His potions oblivious a balm may bestow :  
 But to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair,  
     The death of reflection's the birth of all woe ;  
                                     The death, &c.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,  
 With riot would bid the sweet vision begone ?  
 For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine,  
     Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun :  
                                     Is a drop, &c.

The tender excess which enamours the heart,  
 To few is imparted, to millions deny'd,  
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart :  
     And fools jest at that for which fates have dy'd.  
                                     And fools jest, &c.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom,  
 And well can I speak of its joy and its strife ;  
 The Bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,  
     But Love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.  
                                     But Love's, &c.  
   Come



Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight,  
The magic illusions that ravish the soul,  
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,  
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.  
And drop from, &c.

### THE NEW HIGHLAND LADIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine,  
But oh! they're idly vain and gaudy;  
How much unlike the graceful mein,  
And manly looks of my Highland Ladie.  
Oh! my bonny, bonny Highland Ladie!  
My handsome charming Highland Ladie!  
When I was sick, and like to die,  
He rowl'd me in his tartan plaidy.

If I were free at will to chuse,  
To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady;  
I'd take young Donald without trews,  
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.  
Oh! my bonny, &c.

The brawest lad in Borrow's-town,  
In all his airs, with art made ready;  
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,  
He's finer far in his tartan plaidy.  
Oh! my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
Than that his love prove true and steady;  
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
While Heaven preserves my Highland Ladie.  
Oh! my bonny, &c.

### THE BOLD CAPTAIN

YE Lasses so lovely flock round in a throng,  
A story I'll tell you—no, faith, 'tis a song;  
I'm all of myself and ~~another~~ <sup>a captain</sup> fair maid,  
Whose delicate features my soul has betray'd;

She's gay and she's merry, and handsome likewise,  
 So white is her bosom, and black are her eyes,  
 The ice round her heart I soon thaw'd by my sighs;  
 She cry'd, " You bold Captain, begone from my sight,"  
 Then whisper'd so sweetly, " Oh! how I delight  
 " In your faldoo, a loodle, rig merry go high,  
 " Your bubhorum, guhorum's the joy of my eye."

The time we appointed I met her by chance,  
 I trembled with joy when I saw her advance;  
 I made her a leg, and I took off my hat,  
 I kiss'd her sweet lips—but no matter for that:  
 Says she, " Oh! be easy, I vow and declare,  
 " You've rumpled my tucker, and touzled my hair!"  
 She'd frown if she could, but so gentle her air,  
 She cries, " You bold Captain, begone from my sight,"  
 Then whisper'd so sweetly, " Oh! how I delight  
 " In your faldoo, a loodle, rig merry go high,  
 " Your bubhorum, guhorum's the joy of my eye."

The laurel is dear to us, boys of the blade,  
 The myrtle of Venus shall be my cockade;  
 The vine bears the palm when we sing and carouse,  
 But the shamrock's the wreath that shall laurel my brows:  
 Tho' Bacchus, to lift me, may rattle his can,  
 And Mars, like a serjeant, display his rattan;  
 A smile from fair Venus, and I am the man,  
 She cries, " You bold Captain, begone from my sight,"  
 Then whisper'd so sweetly, " Come back in the night  
 " With your faldoo, a loodle, rig merry go high,  
 " Your bubhorum, guhorum's the joy of my eye."

---

### MATRIMONIAL CONSOLATION.

CORINNA fresh wedded, and new to the trouble  
 Of house-keeping, found all her labour grow double;  
 In spite of her scolding, her threat'ning, and grieving,  
 Her light-finger'd servants persisted in thieving.  
 Sing wedlock's the touchstone of bliss, Sir,  
 Wedlock's the touchstone of bliss, Sir,  
 Wedlock's the touchstone of bliss, Sir,  
 The pleasures of wedlock for me.

Tho'

Tho' numbers detected she instantly banish'd,  
The changes were vain, for fresh articles vanish'd;  
Her knives, spoons, et cetera, (pardon my punning)  
Prov'd literal moveables, secretly running.  
Sing wedlock's, &c.

Her meat was ill-salted, and spoil'd by the smoke,  
Her linen was burn'd, and her china was broke;  
She hop'd things would mend, but, alas! 'twas in vain,  
Each day brought her causes enough to complain.  
Sing wedlock's, &c.

One cold winter's night, as her husband lay fated,  
With charms grown familiar, and raptures repeated;  
To rest from the pleasing fatigues of delight,  
He quitted her bosom, and wish'd her good night.  
Sing wedlock's, &c.

She held him, and gently entreated he'd hear her,  
Exposing the tricks of her servants the clearer;  
She soo h'd him, and press'd him, nor would be deny'd  
Tho' sleepy and weary, at length he comply'd.  
Sing wedlock's, &c.

She sigh'd, and then gave him a dismal account,  
Of each article miss'd, and the total amount;  
Embracing him still, as she told o'er her crosses,  
With soft honey'd kisses out-numb'ring her losses.  
Sing wedlock's, &c.

Then finish'd with " Thus, by misfortunes dejected,  
" What most I complain of, by you I'm neglected;  
" Who would, if you lov'd me, or pity'd my trouble,  
" Your tenderest duty and kindness redouble.  
Sing wedlock's, &c.

" You know it, my love, what I suffer for you,  
" My sorrows are many, my comforts but few;  
" A thousand vexatious things happen to teize me,  
(And closer she kiss'd him) " but one thing can please  
me."

Sing wedlock's, &c.

Her

Her spouse quickly guefs'd this worst cause of her grief,  
 Admitted but one certain mode of relief;  
 Reviv'd by careffes, he turn'd to condole her,  
 And, clasp'ing her, did what he could to console her.  
 Sing wedlock's, &c.

### MOG THE BRUNETTE.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Mog the Brunette,  
 Who had lips like carnation, and eyes black as jet;  
 He coax'd and he wheedled, and talk'd with his eyes,  
 And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise;  
 Then he swore, like a lord, how her charms he ador'd,  
 That she'd soon put an end to his sufferings implor'd;  
 For a heart unawares thus his trammels he set,  
 And soon made a conquest of Mog the Brunette.

They pannel'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,  
 Still kissing and fondling until they came there;  
 Then call'd at the church, and in wedlock were join'd,  
 And Jockey was happy for Moggy was kind:  
 'Twas now honey-moon, time expir'd too soon,  
 They revell'd in pleasure night, morning, and noon;  
 He call'd her his charmer, his joy, and his pet,  
 And the lasses all envy'd sweet Mog the Brunette.

Then home they return'd, but return'd most unkind,  
 For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind;  
 Surpriz'd at this treatment she call'd to her mate,  
 Why Jockey you're alter'd most strangely of late!  
 Come on, fool, he cry'd, thou now art my bride,  
 And when folks are wed they set fooling aside;  
 Harsh names and foul words were the best she cou'd get,  
 Strange usage, this, sure, for sweet Mog the Brunette.

He took home poor Moggy new conduct to learn,  
 She brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the old barn;  
 They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,  
 And now live as a man and wife usually do;  
 As their humours excite, they kiss and they fight,  
 'Twixt kindness and feuds pass the morn, noon and night;  
 To his sorrow he finds with his match he has met,  
 And wishes the Devil had Mog the Brunette.

OH!

## OH! HONE! IF I DO, &amp;c.

THE kifs that he gave when he left me behind,  
 Seal'd the promise of Patrick's true love ;  
 And when to my failor I'm false or unkind,  
 Such falshood expect from the dove :  
 The promise of lovers should ne'er be forgot,  
 And I promis'd the lad, tho' behind him I tarry'd ;  
 That I ne'er would forsake him, tho' humble his lot,  
 Oh! hone! if I do, may I never be marry'd.

Now the winds and the waves bear him over the sea,  
 The young 'Squire would give me fine things ;  
 But what are his riches or grandeur to me,  
 His baubles, his ribbons, and rings ?  
 The promise of lovers should ne'er be forgot,  
 And I promis'd the lad, tho' behind him I tarry'd ;  
 That I ne'er would forsake him, tho' humble his lot,  
 Oh! hone! if I do, may I never be marry'd.

His cabin is low, but content dwells within,  
 And snug is the hatch o'er the door ;  
 For riches without him I care not a pin,  
 For my failor's the lad I adore ;  
 The promise of lovers should ne'er be forgot,  
 Yet sometimes such hopes, we all know, have mis-  
 carry'd ;  
 I trust he'll prove true, but I'll fit him, if not,  
 Oh! hone! if I don't, may I never be marry'd.

## I R I S.

IN this still retirement fair Iris I view'd,  
 Her beauty enchanted, her manner subdu'd ;  
 Ineffable sweetness each feature array'd,  
 And the magic of love in her bright tresses play'd.

The fair thus resistless pass'd careless along,  
 Praise follow'd her footsteps and bless'd her in song ;  
 For sure ev'ry virtue adorns that soft breast,  
 Whose snow gave to Innocence hint for a vest.



In what dripping grotto—what blossom fenc'd bow'r  
Sequesters the beauty from noon's burning pow'r?  
Assist in the search, O ye gay village swains,  
And the smile on her lips will requite all your pains.

But why shou'd I tempt you her charms to behold!  
Why lure you to bondage with fetters of gold!  
In love 'tis most pleasing to suffer alone,  
And the loss of your hearts won't recover my own:

### SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear,  
When forc'd from her to go;  
Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear,  
My heart was fraught with woe:  
Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we flood,  
The land we left behind;  
Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,  
My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between  
Us lay the ocean wide;  
For five long years I had not seen,  
My sweet, my bonny bride:  
That time I sail'd the world around,  
All for my true love's sake;  
But press'd, as we were homeward bound,  
I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain  
To let me once on shore;  
I long'd to see my Poll again,  
But saw my Poll no more.  
“And have they torn my love away?”  
“And is he gone?” she cry'd;  
My Polly! sweetest flow'r of May!  
She languish'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

# DE NITE BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCH'D.

[The concluding words of each verse of the two following Songs to be spoken in the Newgate cant.]

DE nite before Larry was stretch'd,  
 De boys de all paid him a visit;  
 Bait, too, in dir facks de all fetch'd,  
 De sweated dir duds till de ris it:  
 For Larry was ever de lad,  
 When a boy was condemn'd to de squeezer,  
 To sweat all de duds dat he had,  
 To help his poor friend to a squeezer,  
 And warm his gob 'fore he dy'd.

De boys de came crowding in fast,  
 De drew all dir stools round about him;  
 Nine glims round his coffin were plac'd,  
 He could not be well wak'd widout dem:  
 When one of us ax'd, " Could he die,  
 " Widout having truly repented?"  
 Says Larry, " Dat's all in me eye,  
 " And only by gownsmen invented,  
 " To get a fat bit for dirselves."

" I'm sorry, dear Larry," says I,  
 " To see you in dis shittuation;  
 " And, blister my lims, if I lye,  
 " But I'd's liff id had been me own station."  
 " Ids all over wid me," says he,  
 " De neckcloth I'm forc'd to put on;  
 " And by dis time to-morrow you'll see  
 " Your poor Larry quite ded as de mutton,  
 " Bekase why his courage was good,

" And I'll be cut up like a pye,  
 " And me nob from me body be parted."  
 " Your'e in de rong box den," said I,  
 " Fer, blast me, if dere so hard-harted:  
 " A chalk on de back of your neck,  
 " Is all dat Jack Ketch dare to give you;  
 " Den mind not such trifles a feck,  
 " Fer why should de likes of dem greeve you?  
 " And now, boys, come tip us de deck."

De cards being called for, de pled,  
 'Till Larry found one of dem cheated ;  
 A dart at his napper he med,  
 (De boy being easily heated,)  
 And fed, " Be de holy, you teeffe,  
 " I'll splinter you skull wid me daddle ;  
 " You cheat me, bekase I'm in greef,  
 " But soon I'll demolish my noddle,  
 " And tip you your claret to drink."

In comes de gownsman wid his book,  
 And spoke him so nate and so sivil ;  
 Larry tip'd him a bloody four look,  
 And pitch'd his big wig to de devil :  
 Den raising a little his hed,  
 And deking a sup of de bottle ;  
 He, fighting most heavily, fed,  
 " Oh ! de hemp will be soon round me trottle,  
 " And squeeze me poor windpipe to deth.

" Tho' sure id's de best way to die,  
 " Oh ! de devil a better a livin ;  
 " For when a gallows dat's high,  
 " Your journey's de shorter to Heav'n ;  
 " But what harrashtes Larry de most,  
 " Dat makes his poor soul moloncholy ;  
 " When he tinks of de time dat his gost  
 " Will come in a sheet to sweet Molly !  
 " Oh ! sure id will kill her alive !"

His last words were so meltingly spoke,  
 Our greef id found vent in a shower ;  
 As for my part, I daught me hart broke,  
 To see him cut down like a flower !  
 On his travels I watch'd him next day,  
 De trotler I daught I could kill him ;  
 But never a word did he say,  
 Nor chang'd till he came to King William,  
 Den his colour began to grow white.

When he came to de numbing-chit,  
 He was tuck'd up so neat and so pretty ;  
 De rumbler shov'd off from his feet,  
 And he dy'd wid his face to de snitty :

He

He kick'd too, but dat was all pride,  
 For soon you might know 'twas all over;  
 And when dat de noose was unty'd,  
 At home why we wak'd him in clover,  
 And sent him to dake a ground-sweat.

---

### LARRY'S STIFF.

AS soon as poor Larry was stretch'd,  
 De boys de soon cut him down proper;  
 We did ev'ry ting dat we cud,  
 In hopes to cheat Jack de breth-stopper:  
 But all we cud do it was all fudge,  
 For Jacky is seldom mistaken;  
 He fits de noose up at de lug,  
 And den let's you hang like a bacon;  
 And dere you must hang 'till you're stiff.

Poor Larry was now a gone chuck,  
 De bloody teeves dought for to get him,  
 To bring to de College to cut;  
 Be de hoky, our boys wou'd't let 'em;  
 On our shoulders we hois'd him along,  
 And wou'd'n't let one of them near us;  
 Our kebbles we dash'd through the throng,  
 And made all de slim ones to feer us,  
 For in no time we'd flatten der smellers.

When we got to de end of de lane,  
 De girls de all gother round us;  
 Dey began for to cry and to keen,  
 Wid der damnable clack to confound us;  
 But soon dey began to be hush'd,  
 As de Pole-lice was coming among us;  
 Dey dought for to kick up a dust,  
 And den to take poor Larry from us:

But one got a chalk on de phiz, another a hook'em-  
 snivy on the back, and den dey set to dir pumps,  
 as if dey were pursued by de gost of de brave  
 Tommy Fox, formerly de Long-lane Hero, your  
 souls!

We

We den brought him into de nousse,  
 And ev'ry one look'd at poor Larry;  
 Sam Slang gave big Paddy a douce,  
 Bekase why he did not look sorry;  
 Says Paddy, "you lye like a teeff,  
 "I'm sorry as well as anoder;  
 "But do I can stifle me greef,  
 "I lov'd him just like me own broder,  
 "Because if he hadn't a make, his neck-cloth  
 he'd pop for a facer."

We den bet de hoof until night,  
 To kick up de cole for to wake him;  
 We left Paddy Foy dere to fight,  
 If de black boys should offer to take him:  
 But when we all came back again,  
 Its den we had such fun and such faddle;  
 If any of the people look'd glum,  
 We flatten'd dir ear with our daddle,  
 To keep up the fun at the stiff.

Den de gruel began to go round,  
 De girls began to grow groggy;  
 Curly Bill got fat Peg on de ground,  
 (You know dat fat Peg's devilish foggy.)  
 She dought he would squeeze her to deth,  
 So darted her fangs in his trottles;  
 She had like for to stop poor Bill's breth,  
 And so we'd a hell of a battle,  
 For at doucing fat Peg is de fort.

In no time we all made a ring,  
 And both of dem took off dir flesh-bags;  
 To tear dem would not be de ting,  
 For bad luck to de oder poor Bill had;  
 Den so handsome dey douc'd it away,  
 'Till Bill got a blow in de gullet;  
 Den de heffers began to huzza!  
 Dat de battle was won by de pullet;  
 So dey kiss'd den, for dey had no spite.

De Pole-lice den heering de noise,  
 Came in to see what was de matter,  
 Dey got all de girls and de boys,  
 Wid dir faces all bloody and batter'd:

Dey



Dev swore dat with dem we must go,  
For we were disturbing de neighbours ;  
So dey march'd us away two by two,  
In de watch-house to finish our capers ;  
So ended our fun at de stiff.

---

### LOOSE EVERY SAIL TO THE BREEZE.

LOOSE every sail to the breeze,  
The course of my vessel improve ;  
I've done with the toils of the seas,  
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,  
My griefs I fling all to the wind ;  
'Tis a pleasing return for my care,  
My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear,  
What tropic bird swifter can move ?  
Who, cruel ! shall hold his career,  
That returns to the nest of his love.

Hoist ev'ry sail to the breeze,  
Come, ship-mates, and join in the song ;  
Let's drink, while the ship cuts the seas,  
To the gale that may drive her along.

---

### JACK AND HIS AIRY ROUND.

THERE was an old woman liv'd under a hill,  
Green and airy round,  
There was an old woman liv'd under a hill.  
And she had good beer and ale to sell ;  
With her clack herry, corry airy, whack !  
Jack, and her airy round.

She

She had an old man, and he wore a wig,  
 Grey and hairy round ;  
 She had an old man, and he wore a wig,  
 A cat, and a dog, and a nice little pig ;  
 With her clack, &c.

She had a daughter, her name it was Nan,  
 Plump and airy round ;  
 She had a daughter, her name it was Nan,  
 And Nan she lov'd to play with a man ;  
 With her clack, &c.

There came a trooper a riding by,  
 Brisk and airy round ;  
 There came a trooper a riding by,  
 He call'd for a drink, because he was dry ;  
 With his clack, &c.

His boots were leather, his coat was red,  
 Bold and airy round ;  
 His boots were leather, his coat was red,  
 A spur on his heel, and a hat on his head ;  
 With his clack, &c.

This trooper, then, he look'd so big,  
 Bluff and airy round ;  
 This trooper, then, he look'd so big,  
 Kifs'd Nan, drank beer, and eat the pig ;  
 With his clack, &c.

# MARY's DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill  
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
 And from the eastern summit shed  
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree ;  
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;  
 When soft and low a voice she heard say  
 Mary, weep no more for me.

She

She from her pillow gently rais'd,  
 Her head, to ask'd who there might be ;  
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
 With pallid cheek and hollow eye !  
 Oh ! Mary dear, cold is my clay,  
 It lies beneath a stormy sea ;  
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death,  
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days  
 We tofs'd upon the raging main ;  
 And long we strove our bark to save,  
 But all our striving was in vain :  
 E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,  
 My heart was fill'd with love of thee ;  
 The storm is past, and I at rest,  
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Oh ! maiden dear, thyself prepare,  
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
 Where love is free from doubt and care,  
 And thou and I shall part no more.  
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,  
 No more of Sandy could she see ;  
 But soft the passing spirit sa'd,  
 Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.

---

### MOLLY CARR.

WHEN I at my window am gazing,  
 'Tis not at a comet or star ;  
 But an object more bright and more pleasing,  
 The face of my sweet Molly Carr.  
 No Daphne, no Chloe, nor Phillis,  
 Tho' poets put them on the par ;  
 With beauties of roses and lilies,  
 Can vie with sweet Molly Car,  
 Can vie, &c.

Ye soldiers who boast in your prattle,  
 Yet always hope danger is far ;  
 You're safer from cannons in battle  
 Than the eyes of my sweet Molly Carr.

The prelate, so famous for teaching  
 The excellent virtues of tar ;  
 Had he seen her, he'd left off his preaching,  
 To treat of my sweet Molly Carr.

Ye lawyers who make yourselves drudges,  
 With much dirty work at the bar,  
 You would quit all your fees and the judges,  
 To plead to my sweet Molly Carr :  
 Ye doctors, so learned in physic,  
 Who Nature's decays can repair,  
 May search, but you'll find no specific  
 So certain as sweet Molly Carr.

Let those out of pay with the nation,  
 With great ones eternally jar,  
 I am humbly content with my station,  
 So smiles but my sweet Molly Carr :  
 Though rich as a Croesus in treasure,  
 In kingdoms as great as a Czar,  
 All, all I wou'd lay down with pleasure  
 At the feet of my sweet Molly Carr.

### BET THE BRUNETTE.

MY heart's soft emotions admit no disguise,  
 To cheat the poor nymphs of the plain ;  
 For the passion I feel is confessed by my eyes,  
 And love shews the wounds of the swain ;  
 And such were my complaints when I happily met  
 The arch hazel eyes of my lovely Brunette.

Would you know all the magic that lives in her een,  
 By which my fond heart she has won ;  
 Go take (like the Grecian) each beauty that's seen,  
 And comprize all their graces in one ;  
 Then wonder, like me, at the pleasure-fraught Bet,  
 And wear the soft chains of the lovely Brunette.

The wandering kidlings that sport on the hills,  
 Leave their browsing to list to her lay ;  
 She charms the swift course of the murmuring rills,  
 And arrests the bright chariot of day :

The

The winds stop, enraptur'd, to list to my Bet,  
And gratefully fan the accomplish'd Brunette.

Had I all the wealth that stern Avarice fought,  
When he ravag'd the glittering mine;  
Had I all the treasures that Croesus had bought,  
'The gems, my sweet girl, should be thine.  
But trifles, like these, are despis'd by my Bet,  
For merit alone wins the lovely Brunette.

### THE JOYS OF THE TABLE.

HOW bright are the joys of the table,  
I mean when the cloth is remov'd!

Our hearts are fast held by a cable,

While round the decanter is shov'd :

The ladies all rise to retire,

We stand up and look very grave ;

A bumper, then draw round the fire ;

Determin'd like souls to behave.

My servant he knows I'm a toper,

Clean glasses of wine a recruit ;

He brings in a fix bottle cooper,

And places it close at my foot :

I gingerly take up a bottle,

The saw-dust I puff from his coat ;

The cork out, he sings in the throttle,

But sweeter than Mara his note.

What gentleman coffee now chooses ?

The compliment comes from the fair ;

No gentleman coffee refuses,

But not a man stirs from his chair :

Though Frenchmen may do so, I bar it,

'Tis brutish politeness, I think ;

While Monsieur we pay for his claret,

He never shall teach us to drink.

Gay Hebe now shews in Apollo,

A struggle 'twixt Claret and Wit ;

For Fauchus insists he shall swallow

Six bumpers before he may sit :



Ye fair, why so ill should we treat you ?  
Go part ere the bottle is won ;  
At supper Apollo shall meet you,  
And shew you what Bacchus has done.

---

### O BONNY LASS, WILL YOU LIVE IN A BARRACK ?

AND 'tis O bonny lass, will you live in a barrack,  
And 'tis O bonny lass, will you live in a barrack,  
And O bonny lass, will you live in a barrack,  
And marry a soldier, and carry his wallet ?

O yes, I will go, and think nae mare on it,  
I'll marry my Jockey, and carry his wallet ;  
I'll neither ask leave of my mammy or daddy,  
But off and away with my dear soldier laddie.

And O bonny lass, will you go a campaigning,  
And brave ev'ry danger of battle and famine ;  
When weary and wet, I have none to befriend me,  
In sickness cares me, in danger attend me ?

O yes, I will brave all the dangers you mention,  
And fifty times more, gin you had the invention ;  
Nor famine, nor battle, nor danger shall fear me,  
Whilst I have my Jockey, my soldier lad near me.

---

### FAIR SUSAN.

WHEN fair Susan I left with a heart full of woe,  
And to sea went my fortune to mend ;  
Her soft swelling bosom beat hard to and fro,  
When she lost both her love and her friend ;  
Fare thee well, Tom, she cry'd, and bid me adieu,  
While the tears rain'd in show'rs from her eye ;  
I sail'd full of grief to join the ship's crew,  
While loud waves to my sorrows reply.

The winds they blew hard, and the sea 'gan to roar,  
 While blue light'ning around us did flash;  
 I thought of my Susan, and wish'd me on shore,  
 Still the waves most tremendous did dash:  
 At length a leak sprung, and all hands call'd on deck,  
 In vain ev'ry art try'd to save;  
 I swam on a plank, and escap'd from the wreck,  
 The rest met a watery grave.

Kind fortune thus having preserv'd my life,  
 To my Susan I thought I would go;  
 With what joy I should meet with my long absent wife!  
 But my hopes were all chang'd in woe:  
 For the news reach'd her ears, that the ship it was lost,  
 And Thomas her love was no more;  
 She dy'd as a rose when nipt by the frost,  
 And I live her loss to deplore.

### THE HIGH-MINDED SOLDIER.

HARK! to martial alarms the calm village resounds,  
 In youth to enlist, Serjeant Trim goes his rounds;  
 While so gallant and bold his whole party appears,  
 The brave lose their patience, cowards almost their fears:  
 Thus sparks of ambition are fann'd into flame,  
 And the peasant instructed to thirst after fame;  
 Forsake peace and contentment for honour to roam,  
 So the high-minded soldier first leaves his fond home.

Grown perfect in duty, by discipline hard,  
 The foes of his country to meet he's prepar'd;  
 And in hostile array soon proud Gallia is seen,  
 Then the foe to his country, perfidious and mean;  
 To oppose them he's drafted, and needs must comply,  
 Looks back to his village and peace with a sigh;  
 But his foes to subdue 'midst cannons loud roar,  
 The high-minded Soldier now leaves his own home.

Borne thro' dangers and tempests, he lands on their coasts,  
 Thro' fierce opposition from numberless hosts;  
 Now to battle led on amid horrors and death,  
 Sees his comrades each moment resign their last breath;

H

Tho

Tho' appris'd of the danger, he boldly goes on,  
Nor halts, tho' sore wounded, until the day's won;  
While in action none braver, yet that being o'er,  
The high-minded Soldier then pants for his shore.

Thus each yearly campaign vainly hoping the last,  
He toils, suffers, and fights, 'till life's vigour is past;  
When old, feeble, and helpless, depriv'd of one leg,  
He's dismiss'd from his service, and suffer'd to beg;  
Yet at times he the feats of his youth will tell o'er,  
When he fights ev'ry battle in fancy once more;  
Until Death, that great victor (his time being come),  
Calls the poor worn-out Soldier unto his long home.

### THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,  
The confusion but hear, "I bet you, Sir, done;"  
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,  
Lords, hawkers, and jockies assail the tir'd ear;  
While with neck like a rainbow, erected his crest,  
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his  
breast:  
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,  
The high-mettled Racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush,  
Dogs, horses, and huntsmen all close at his brush;  
Thro' marsh, fen, and brier, led by their fly prey,  
Then by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way;  
While alike born for sports of the field and the course,  
Always sure to come thro', a stanch and fleet horse;  
When fairly run down, the Fox yields up his breath,  
The high-mettled Racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, abus'd, and turn'd out of the stud,  
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some  
blood;  
While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,  
Teli his dam won this sweepstake, his fire that race;  
And

And what matches he won to the hoflers count o'er,  
As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-houle door;  
While the harnests fore galls, and the spurs his fides goad,  
The high-mettled Racer's a hack on the road.

'Till at laft having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,  
Bow'd down, by degrees, he bends on his fate;  
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,  
Or draws fand, 'till the fand of his hour-glafs ftands ftill;  
And now cold and lifelefs, expos'd to the view,  
In the very fame cart which he yefterday drew;  
While a pitying crowd his sad relics furrounds,  
The high-mettled Racer is fold for the hounds.

### HOW SWEET'S THE LOVE, &c.

WHEN firft I ken'd young Sandy's face,  
He fung and look'd wi' fuch a grace;  
He ftolc my heart, but did na care,  
The lad he loo'd a lafs more fair;  
And oft I fung o'er brae and burne,  
"How fweet's the love that meets return!"

He loo'd a lafs wi' fickle mind,  
Was fomctimes cauld, and fomctimes kind;  
Which made the love-fick laddie rue,  
For fhe was cauld when he was true:  
He mourn'd and fung o'er brae and burne,  
"How fweet's the love that meets return!"

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,  
Where laylocks with fweet cowflips join'd,  
To make a garland for her hair;  
But fhe refus'd a gift fo fair;  
"This fcorn," he cry'd, "can ne'er be borne,  
"But fweet's the love that meets return."

Juft then he met my tell-tale e'en,  
And love fo true is fooneft feen:  
"Dear lafs," faid he, "my heart is thine,  
"For thy foft wifhes are like mine."  
Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,  
"How fweet's the love that meets return!"

My answer was both frank and kind,  
 I loo'd the lad, and tel'd my mind;  
 To kirk we went wi' hearty glee,  
 And who sa blest as he and me!  
 Now blithe we sing o'er brae and burne,  
 " How sweet's the love that meets return!"

### LORD ALTAM'S BULL.

Rotten Nose Sweeny is my Name,  
 And de same I will never deny;  
 Six and Twenty Splinters was daken from me Skull,  
 A fighting for de sweet Liberty!

Liga diga di diga dee,  
 Liga diga di diga dee,  
 Liga diga di, liga diga diga di,  
 Liga di diga di diga dee.

Ah! Boys your Souls to de Devil, twigg me Napper,  
 and observe me Marks of Glory to de Right and Left!  
 Liga diga di diga dee, &c.

De next dat spoke was sweet Larry Dempsey.

And dis is what sweet Larry did say;  
 If it was not for de Faulchion I carry'd in me Breast,  
 Me sweet Life would be daken away!

Liga diga di, &c.

Ah! but Boys, your Souls to de Devil, I stood like a  
 Boy, on me Defence, threw him a hanging Guard,  
 came down on him wid a St. George, and cut him over  
 de Ogle, acrofs his Smeller, to his Gob; and den chang-  
 ing me Blade to me Left Daddie, i gave him one Chalk,  
 be de Hoky, from de Oxter to de Marrow-fat-tripe.

Liga diga di, &c.

'twas on de First of sweet Ma-gay,

It being on a high Holiday;

Six and Twenty brave hearted Boys out of Straw,  
 Went to take Lord Altam's Bull away.

Liga diga di, &c.

I being



I being de first Boy in de Field, who should I see, be de Hoky, but de Mosey, wid his Horns sticking in de Ground; well becomes me, be de Hoky, I pink'd up to him, caught him be de Tail, lépt upon his Back, and rode him tree dimes round de Field as well as ever de Master of de Corporation of Taylors rode the Fringis; but de Mosey being Game to de Back-bone, be de Hoky, faced about, took me be de Seven-and-twenty Curiofities, and de very first Rife he gave me in de Elements, be de Hoky he smasht me Collar-bone! Dere being no Blunt in de Cly, Madam Stevens's was de Word, where de Boys carried me on a Door, and I lay for Six Weeks on de Broad of me Back in Lavender, like Paddy Ward's Pig.

Liga diga di, &c.

We drove de Bull over many a Hedge,

And we drove him a Stile;

'Till we came to de Commons of Kilmainham,

Where we let de poor Mosey rest for a While.

Liga diga di, &c.

If de poor Mosey was Keeper of de Ankle-spring Ware-house, you cou'dn't help pitying him, for his Head smoaked like a Lime Kiln, his Hoofs were battered like a Bird-catcher's Crab-shells, and he had no more Skin upon his Gams, dan dere is Wool upon a Taylor's Goose.

Liga diga di, &c.

O! we drove him thro' Truck-street,

Widout either Dread or Fi-geer;

When out run de brave Mosey Creathorn's Bitch,

And cõtch'd de poor Bull be de y-ear,

Liga diga di, &c.

High Jock! dat Dog's my Bitch! fight fair, no Stones, be de Hoky; low, Nettle, low, and keep your Holt! ah! your Souls to de Devil, stand off; Tommy Reily, me Jewel, tip de Whelp a Sup of Blood while ids warm. Larry, your Soul, throw a Bit of Salt on de Bitch's Nose to keep her in Blood. Ah! your Souls to de Devil. Boys, make a little Bit of a Ring. Oh! Boys, I thought de Light left poor Mosey Creathorn's Glimmers, when he saw his Bitch tossed off a'de Bull's Horns; he cried out,

Jemmy Keeffe, a happy Deth

H 3 " to

" to you, and Glory you may get! keep your Ground,  
 " and receive her in your open Arms as she comes down,  
 " and don't let her Head touch de Pavement." Who  
 lost a Tum? Be de Hoky, I'd swear any where to Pad-  
 dy Aughy's Joints, (says Larry Casey), I know dem be  
 de Snot on his Sleeve.

Liga diga di, &c.

We drove de Bull down Corn-market,  
 As all de World, sure, might see;  
 When de brave Taddy Foy thrust his jolly Nose thro  
 de bars,  
 Crying high for de sweet Liberty.

Liga diga di, &c.

Ah! Boys; your Souls to de Devil, if I was down  
 among you. I would make you know your Lord God  
 from Tom Bell. Ah! your Soul to de Devil, what do  
 you strike de Boy acrofs de Back for and he down?  
 Ah! cruel Coffee! cruel Coffee! Ah! de blessing of  
 God on you, Cousin Cushin, won't you nock off me  
 Darbies, and let me out for Half an Hour on me Pa-  
 troule of 'Onor. I'll expel de Mob, kill Six, pot Five,  
 gut Tree, and be de Fader of de Shitty, I'll return to  
 de Sheep-walk like an innocent Lamb. Ah! Billy  
 'Umfries, dake in your pritty Bits of Trolly; Luke  
 Peppard dake in your Seeds; and Miss Grace dake in  
 your Lace, or be de Hokey, de Mosey will carry it  
 away on his Horns, and de Lady Mayrefs will go to  
 de Lord Mayor's Ball like a Spatchcock.

Liga diga di, &c.

My Lord Altam is a very bad Man,  
 And dat ye all do know;  
 For driving White Roger from Kilmmainham Lands,  
 We all to Virginia must go.

Liga diga di, &c.

Ah! well, Boys, your Soul, what suppose if we're  
 transported for Seven Years, dere's Six of us, dat's but  
 Fourteen Months a-piece; and I can sail in a Turf  
 Kish, if Wind and Weather permits; and if I ever  
 return from his Majesty's Tobacco Manufactory, I'll  
 butter me Knife in his Tripes and make Garters of his  
 Guts.

Guts. You know I neyer was afraid of any Man,  
while I have Twelve Inches of Lamprey about me, be  
de Hoky, I'll be up to de Y in him,

And high for de sweet Liberty,  
And high for de brave Boys of Straw;  
When we drove de Bull to Dolphin's-barn-lane,  
We gave him Tree loud Huzzas.  
Liga diga di, &c.

### A BOTTLE'S THE MISTRESS I MEAN.

WHATE'ER squeamish lovers may say,  
A mistress I've found to my mind;  
I enjoy her by night and by day,  
Yet she grows still more lovely and kind:  
Of her beauties I never am cloy'd,  
Though I constantly stick by her side;  
Nor despise her because she's enjoy'd  
By a legion of lovers beside:  
For though thousands may broach her,  
May broach her, may broach her,  
By Jove I shall feel neither envy nor spleen,  
Nor jealous can prove of the mistress I love;  
For a bottle, a bottle, a bottle's the mistress I mean.

Should I try to describe all her merit,  
With her praises I ne'er should have done;  
She's brimful of sweetness and spirit,  
And sparkles with freedom and fun:  
Her stature's majestic and tall,  
And taper her bosom and waist;  
Her neck long, her mouth round and small,  
And her lips how delicious to taste.  
For though, &c.

You may grasp her with ease by the middle,  
To be open'd how vast her delight!  
And yet her whole sex is a riddle,  
You never can stop her too tight:

When

When your engine you once introduce  
 To her circle, her magical bower ;  
 Pop—away from within flies the juice,  
 And your senses are drown'd in the shower.  
 For though, &c.

But the sweetest of raptures that flow  
 From the delicate charmer I prize ;  
 Is sure when her head is laid low,  
 And her bottom's turn'd up to the skies :  
 Stick to her, and fear not to win her,  
 She'll never prove peevish or coy ;  
 And the farther and deeper you're in her,  
 The fuller she'll fill you with joy.  
 For though, &c.

Thus naked, and clasp'd in my arms,  
 With her my sweet moments I'll spend ;  
 And revel the more on her charms,  
 To share her delight with a friend :  
 To Divinity, Physic, or Law,  
 Her favours I never shall grudge ;  
 Though each night she may make a faux pas  
 With a Bishop, a Doctor, or Judge.  
 For though, &c.

# LUKE CAFFREY'S KILMAINHAM MINIT.

[The concluding words of each verse to be spoken in  
 the Newgate cant.]

When to see Luke's last Jigg we agreed,  
 We tip'd all our Gripes in a Tangle ;  
 And mounted our Trotters wid Speed,  
 To squint at de Snub as he'd dangle ;  
 For he was de Smart on de Gap,  
 He boozled de Bull-dog and Pinners ;  
 And when dat he mill'd a fat Slap,  
 He merrily melted de Winners,  
 To snack wid de Boys of de Pad.

In a Giffee we blink'd at de Spud,

Where de Quod ids glum Phiz did exhibit ;

Wid a Facer we coddled our Blood,

For de Wind id blows cold from de Gibbet ;

De Boy he had travell'd afore,

Like Ratlers we after him peg'd it ;

For to miss us would greeve him full fore,

Bekase why, as a Favour he begg'd it,

We'd tip him de Fives 'fore his Det.

When we came to de Man-trap, and saw

Poor Luke look so blue in de Gabbard ;

To save him I taut I could draw

Me Toaster from out of de Scabbard :

" Oh! Luky," sis I, " do you see!

" Be de Iron and Steel in me Daddles,

" If I taut I could once set you free,

" De Scarlets should smoke in dir Saddles,

" Your Gullet to save from de Noose,

" Your Soul! I'd fight Blood to de Eyes,

" You know it, I would to content you ;

" But foul Play I always despise,

" Dat's for One for to fall upon Twenty !"

Sis he, " 'Tis me Fate for to die,

" I knowd id when I was committed ;

" But yet, if de Slang you run fly,

" De Scragboy may still be outwitted,

" And I scout again on de Lay.

" When I dance tuxt de Ert and de Skies,

" De Claigy may bleat for de Struggler ;

" But when on de Ground your Friend lies,

" Oh! tip me a Snig in de Jugler ;

" Oh! you know dat id is me last Hope,

" As de Surgints of Oromy tell us ;

" Dat when I'm cut down from de Rope,

" You'll bring back de Puff to me Bellows,

" And set me, once more, on me Pins."

He finist'd dis Speech wid a Sigh!

We saw de poor Fellow was funking ;

De Drizzle stole down from his Eye,

'Tho' we taut he had got better Spunk in ;

Wid



Wid a Tip of de Slang we reply'd,  
 And a Blinker dat Nobody noted ;  
 De Clargy slept down from his Side,  
 And de Gabbard from under him floated ;  
 Oh ! be de Hoky, id was den dat me Port-Royal  
 run cold.

Pads foremost he div'd, and den round  
 He caper'd de Kilmainham Minit ;  
 But soon, when he lay on de Ground,  
 Our business we taut to begin id :  
 Wid de Stiff to a Shebeen we hied,  
 But Det had shut fast ev'ry Grinder ;  
 His Brain-box hung all-a-one Side,  
 And no Distiller's Pig could be blinder ;  
 But dat, you know, is what we must all cum to.

His Pushing-block pissy came in,  
 From tipping de Scragboy a Dusting ;  
 Her Stuff-shop was up to her Chin,  
 Like a cram'd Fowl wid Tinderness busting :  
 We lent him a Snig, as he sed,  
 On de Jugler, 'tis here dat de mark is ;  
 But soon as we found him quite ded,  
 In de Dust-case we bundled his Carcase,

And gave him a barb'rous long Protestant  
 Lease of de sanctified Sod yonder beyant,  
 dere, in bloody Finglas, your Soul ! Dat's  
 for 999 Annuns, be de murd'ring Hemp  
 Act passed in the last Sessions, you know.

### SOMETHING ELSE, BUT WHAT ?

AS Coridon and Phillis  
 Sat in a shady grove,  
 Contriving crowns of lillies,  
 Repeating tales of love ;  
 And something else, But what ?  
 But what, I dare not name it,  
 To name it I dare not.

But

But as they were a playing,  
 She ogled so the swain;  
 Which sav'd her plainly saying,  
 " Let's kifs to ease our pain,  
 " And something else, &c." ;

A thousand times he kifs'd her  
 Upon the pleasant green ;  
 And as he farther press'd her,  
 Her pretty legs were seen,  
 And something else, &c.

So many beauties viewing,  
 His ardour still increas'd ;  
 And greater joys pursuing,  
 He wander'd o'er her breast,  
 And something else, &c.

Young Coridon grown bolder,  
 The minutes would improve ;  
 " This is the time," he told her,  
 " To shew how much I love,  
 " And something else, &c.

At last, her effort trying  
 His passion to withstand,  
 Cry'd (but 'twas faintly crying)  
 " Pray, take away your hand,  
 " And something else, &c.

The nymph seem'd almost dying,  
 Dissolv'd in amorous heat ;  
 She softly told him, sighing,  
 " My dear, your love is great !  
 " And something else, &c.

But Phillis did recover  
 Much sooner than the swain ;  
 She, blushing, ask'd her lover,  
 " Shall we not kifs again ?  
 " And something else, &c.

Thus Love it revels keeping,  
 'Till Nature's at a stand ;  
 From talk they went to sleeping,  
 Holding each other's hand,  
 And something else, &c.

HARK!

## HARK! AWAY.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,  
 I put on my clothes and I call'd for my groom;  
 Will Whistle by this had uncoupled the hounds,  
 Who lively and mettlesome frisk'd o'er the grounds:  
 And now we're all saddled, fleet, dapple, and grey,  
 Who seem'd longing to hear the glad sound. hark! away,  
 Hark! away, hark, away.  
 Who seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, hark! away.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,  
 And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn;  
 Jack Garter, Bill Babler, and Dick at the Goose,  
 When all of a sudden out starts Mrs. Puff;  
 Men, horses, and dogs not a moment would stay,  
 And Echo was heard to cry, Hark! hark! away.

The course was a fine one, she took o'er the plain,  
 Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled again;  
 'Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,  
 Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death:  
 Then in triumph for you, I the Hare did display,  
 And cry'd to the Homers, My boys, Hark! away.

## C O O L U N.

OH! the hours I have pass'd in the arms of my dear,  
 Can never be thought of but with a sad tear;  
 Oh! forbear, oh! forbear then to mention her name,  
 It recalls to my mem'ry the cause of my pain.

How often to love me she fondly has sworn,  
 And when parted from me would ne'er cease to mourn;  
 All hardships for me she would cheerfully bear,  
 And at night on my bosom forget all her care.

To some distant climate together we'll roam,  
 And forget all the hardships we meet with at home:  
 Fate now be propitious, and grant me thine aid,  
 Give me my Pastora and I'm more than repaid.

THE

THE HIBERNIAN'S WISH.

WOULD you know the way that Eve  
In Eden was caught tripping,  
Arch SATAN twitch'd her by the sleeve,  
And shew'd a golden pippin;  
'Tempted by the glitt'ring charm,  
'Twas said she ill-us'd Adam,  
And ever since the same alarm  
Bewitches MISS and MADAM.

The dad of Danae was a dolt,  
To lock a woman's will in;  
A guinea flower bursts each bolt,  
Miss op'd her lap for filling.  
Ask beauties, who for chapmen wait,  
What 'tis they chiefly wish for,  
They'll own, though most men take their bait,  
'Tis only gold they fish for.

But why should women bear the blame,  
When man, both out and in, Sir,  
Will gamble at the golden game,  
Nor care they how they win, Sir?  
Arts, Science, Office, Trade, confess  
Mean mercenary dealings,  
All reas'ning bipeds, more or less,  
Shew selfish fellow feelings.

Election agents truth disgrace,  
They've made this an unsound age:  
To brothels brought fair Freedom's face,  
And, Pandar-like, too poundage.  
But henceforth Hibernians may we shew,  
In bribes no more our trust is,  
But nobly independent go,  
And only vote for Justice.

O THOU! from whom each blessing springs,  
Earth, seas, and skies director,  
To whom we owe the best of kings,  
Be his, be our protector.

THE

The tyrant, arm'd with terror's scourge,  
 Awes subject slaves t' approve him,  
 But free-born Hibernians bow to GEORGE,  
 For in our hearts we love him.

Dear Liberty, celestial Fire,  
 Remain here unconsuming;  
 May that spark catch, from Son to Sire,  
 From age to age illuming;  
 This is ev'ry Hibernian's song,  
 This all we wish to be, boys;  
 Let life be short, let life be long,  
 But let that life be free, boys.

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### VALENTINE'S DAY.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheeks of morn,  
 And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn;  
 When sky-larks tun'd their carrols sweet,  
 To hail the God of light and heat:  
 Philander, from his downy bed,  
 To fair Lisetta's chamber sped,  
 Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,  
 I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,  
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,  
 Which (that a kiss she might obtain)  
 She artfully had clos'd again:  
 He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,  
 Like Phœbus into Thetis's lap,  
 And near forgot that his design,  
 Was but to be her Valentine.

She, startiug, cry'd—I am undone,  
 Philander, charming youth, begone!  
 For this time, to your vows sincere,  
 Make virtue, not your love, appear:  
 No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes  
 (Forgive the simple fond disguise)  
 To generous thoughts, your heart incline,  
 And be my faithful Valentine.

The



The brutal passion sudden fled,  
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead,  
 And both agreed, ere setting-sun,  
 To join two virtuous hearts in one;  
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove  
 The sweet effects of mutual love;  
 And from that hour to life's decline,  
 She bless'd the day of Valentine.

### THE LINNETS.

AS bringing home, the other day,  
 Two Linnets I had ta'en,  
 The little warblers seem'd to pray  
 For liberty again:  
 Unheedful of their plaintive notes,  
 I sung across the sea;  
 In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,  
 And flutter'd to be free.

As passing thro' the tufted grove,  
 Near which my cottage stood,  
 I thought myself the Queen of Love,  
 When Clara's charms I view'd;  
 I look'd, I gaz'd, I press'd her stay,  
 To hear my tender tale;  
 But all in vain—she fled away,  
 Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon, thro' the wound which love had made,  
 Came pity to my breast;  
 And thus I (as compassion bade)  
 The feather'd pair address'd:  
 Ye little warblers, cheerful be,  
 Remember not ye flew:  
 For I, who thought myself so free,  
 Am far more caught than you.

I :

HOW

## HOW IMPERFECT IS EXPRESSION.

HOW imperfect is expression,  
 Some emotions to impart !  
 When we mean a soft confession,  
 And yet seek to hide the heart.  
 When our bosoms, all complying,  
 With delicious 'umults swell,  
 And beat what broken, falt ring, dying,  
 Language would, but cannot tell

Deep confusion's rosy terror,  
 Quite expressive paints my cheek,  
 Ask no more—Behold your error,  
 Blushes eloquently speak.  
 What tho' silent is my anguish,  
 Or breath'd only to the air :  
 Mark my eyes, and as they languish ;  
 Read what yours have written there.

Oh ! that you could once conceive me,  
 Once my soul's strong feeling view ;  
 Love has nought more fond, believe me ;  
 Friendship nothing half so true.  
 For you I am wild despairing,  
 With you speechless as I touch ;  
 This is all that bears declaring,  
 And perhaps declares too much.

## T W E E D - S I D E.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose ?  
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?  
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those ;  
 Both nature and fancy exceed.  
 Nor daisie, nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,  
 Not Tweed gliding gently thro' those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield,

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The black-bird, and sweet cooing dove,  
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let us see how the primroses spring,  
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?  
 Does Mary not 'tend a few sheep?  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While happily she lies asleep?  
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;  
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgin excel,  
 No beauty with her may compare;  
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,  
 She's fairest, where theusands are fair.  
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,  
 Or the pleasanter Banks of the Tweed?

---

### THE COBLER OF PIMLICO.

THO' a Cobler is called but a low occupation,  
 The practice of cobbling is come into fashion,  
 From me up to those who wou'd cobble the nation.  
 Some say that Old Ireland wants heel-piecing, true,  
 Our country's trod upon like an old shoe,  
 And may Heel-pieces want, aye, and Head-pieces too.  
 One, vamping our old constitution pretends,  
 And turn and translate it to serve self and friends,  
 All this is but botching to serve their own Ends.

Each roof in this island with liberty rings,  
The good of their country each party-man sings,  
The sense of that phrase is—My country's good things.

If I, but shou'd I the state have a hand in?  
Good souls I'd be picking, the bad be disbanding,  
And then we should come to a right understanding.

Against want the cunning man wisely provides,  
A storm-shunning shepherd beneath a bush hides,  
So as the times change we are sure to change sides.

With my awl in my hand, I'll Old Ireland defend,  
Giving room to my betters, who've much more to mend.  
May they soon become better, or soon have an end.

To those who are heedless what here may mishap,  
Their hearts are as hard as the stone in my lap,  
They're taking their swing, wou'd their swing was my strap.

I begin to wax warm, so I'll close up my seam,  
Or else I cou'd hammer out such a fine theme,  
It was about something I saw'd in a dream.

To my Last I am come, and that shall not last long.  
So this is the last of a poor cobbler's song,  
May they now be right who till now had been wrong.

### THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when Primroses paint the sweet plain,  
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;  
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go  
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn-trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn:  
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
That Silvens and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sang—Tho' young Maya be fair,  
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;  
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,  
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth:  
But Susie was faithful, good humour'd and free,  
And fair as the goddesses who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,  
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:  
Then, sighing, he wished would Parents agree,  
The witty sweet Susie his Mistress might be.

### JACK T-A-R's SONG.

COME bustle, bustle, drink about,  
And let us merry be,  
Our can is full, we'll pump it out,  
And then all hands to sea.

And a sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught  
The minuet to tread,  
But we go better when we've brought  
The fore tack to cats' head.

The Jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,  
And swiftly rides the race,  
But swifter far we shape our course  
When we are giving chace.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,  
His pack the huntsman cheers,  
As loud we hollow when we send,  
A broadside to Mounseers.

The what's-their-dames, at uproars squall,  
With music fine and soft,  
But better sounds our boatswain's call,  
'All hands, all hands aloft!'

With gold and silver streamers fine  
The ladies rigging shew,  
But English ships more grander shine,  
When prizes home we tow.



What's got at sea we spend on shore,  
 With sweethearts or our wives,  
 And then, my boys, hoist sail for more—  
 Thus pass brave sailors lives.

And a sailing we will go.

— I N A B U M P E R .

I CAN'T for my life guess the cause of this fuss,  
 Why we drink the health of each high titled beldame ;  
 What's a queen, or a princess, or duchess to us,  
 We never have spoke to and see them but seldom.  
 Fill a bumper my host, and I'll give you a toast  
 We all have convers'd with, and ev'ry one knows :  
 Fill it up to the top, and drink ev'ry drop,  
 Here's—in a bumper wherever she goes !

Your high-sounding titles that kings can create,  
 Derive all their lustre and weight from the donor ;  
 But—can despise all this mock'ry of state,  
 For she's in herself the true fountain of honour ;  
 She fixes for life the rank of a wife,  
 In her does the husband his honour repose ;  
 Her titles are bright, all in her own right,  
 Here's—in a bumper wherever she goes !

In rags or brocade she is equally great.  
 Her fountain gives rapture to all that bathe in it !  
 On a rush-bottom chair or a down bed of state,  
 To bliss we're transported in less than a minute !  
 She banishes care, is a foe to despair,  
 She's the loveliest Lethe to soften our woes :  
 Nothing nature can boast can rival the toast  
 Of—in a bumper wherever she goes.

Your wiseacre critics are puzzling their brains,  
 How crowns and how coronets first came in fashion ;  
 But one peep at her's would have sav'd them the pains,  
 For—wore a coronet since the creation ;

A title

A title so old, ne'er barter'd for gold,  
 The whole British peerage would vainly oppose,  
 Then let mother Eve due homage receive;  
 Here's—in a bumper wherever she goes!

The peers on the trial of peers are to sit,  
 Is their greatest distinction beyond all denial;  
 But—tho' untitled by parent or writ,  
 Can bring, *sua jure*, s'en kings to a trial;  
 Condemn'd to wear horns, poor G—ve—r scorns  
 The judgment he passes on impotent beaux;  
 So justly severe may she ever appear;  
 Here's—in a bumper wherever she goes!

That nobles are born the advisers of kings—  
 Is a maxim establish'd in ev'ry free nation;  
 Then sure a just claim to that title she brings,  
 Whose rhet'ric effected the great Reformation;  
 Tho' Charles lent his ears to his perriwig peers,  
 Yet—was the counsellor under the role:  
 She whisper'd her mind—the Commons grew kind—  
 Here's—in a bumper wherever she goes!

That nobles are sentenc'd to die by the axe,  
 For breach of allegiance—we all must have read it—  
 Thus—when the bond of decorum she cracks  
 Like a queen or a princess is always beheaded:  
 The king without fees will execute these,  
 While none but the hangman will meddle with  
 those!  
 Then since from the throne such deference is shewn,  
 Here's—in a bumper wherever she goes!

Your stars and your garters, and ribbons profuse,  
 And wide coat of arms that a beggar might quarter;  
 How faint is their splendor, how trifling their use,  
 Compar'd with the star that shines over the garter!  
 That star in the front is the emblem of—  
 In a lovely field argent crown'd sable, she glows,  
 And two rampant—as supporters we fix:  
 Here's—in a bumper wherever she goes!

## DO YOU HEAR, BROTHER SPORTSMAN.

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of the horn,  
And yet the sweet pleasure decline?

For shame, rouse your senses, and, ere it is morn,  
With me the sweet melody join.

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,  
Nor quit him till panting he lies;

While hounds, in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,  
And chase the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields,  
Both willing and joyous repair;

No pastime in life greater happiness yields,  
Than chasing the fox and the hare.

For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman attend,  
No pleasure like hunting is found,

For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,  
Next morn we spurn up the ground,

## JOCKY AND JEANY.

JOCKY said to Jeany, Jeany wilt thou do't?

Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my togher's good,

For my togher's good, I winna marry thee.

E'ens ye like, quo' Jocky, ye me let it be.

I ha' gowd and geer, I ha' land enough,

I ha' seven good owfen ganging in a plough,

Ganging in a plough, and linking o'er the lee,

And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I ha' a good house, a barn and a byer,

A stack afore the door, I'll make a ranting fire;

I'll make a ranting fire, and merry shall we be;

And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,

Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;

Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,

Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.

THE HUMBUG.

THAT living's a joke, Johnny Gay has express'd,  
In earnest we'll make all we can of the jest ;  
A load of conceits, a long life we are lugging,  
Which some are humbugg'd by, and some are humbug-  
ging,

Fall de roll, &c.

His Honour with consequence charges his face,  
Bows round to the levee, and ogles his Grace ;  
Then whispers his friend, " Sir, depend on my word."—  
But if you depend, you're humbugg'd by the Lord.

Says Patty the prude, and the wide spread her fan—  
" Me marry!—What? I go to bed to a man?  
" I detest all male creatures! my God!—I shall swoon!"  
She did—and was brought to-bed, faith, before noon!

To London Pa sent her, when bloom was regain'd,  
Inviolate her maidenhead there she maintain'd ;  
For a virgin was wed, she knew how to be mum,  
So gain'd a good husband, her husband a Hum.

Miss nicely observ'd, wassily vulgar's this word,  
" Immensely indelicate, monstrous absurd :"  
Yet last night, dear Miss, when you thought yourself snug,  
You confess'd—without loving—life's a humbug.

The wanton wife, often, too often, I fear,  
Proves words to be facts when she calls her spouse Deer ;  
And enjoys the sweet chat as stol'n pleasures she hugs,  
How cunningly now she her cuckold humbugs.

But husband at home, as few marry'd men wish  
To dine ev'ry day on the very same dish,  
Makes a meal with her maid, the thing publicly known  
is,  
A tete-a-tete feast, call'd the Lex Talionis.

Fall de roll, &c.

CHASTITY.

## C H A S T I T Y.

I WONDER, quoth Dame, as her Spouse she embraces,  
How strumpets can look, how they dare shew their faces,  
And those wicked wives who from husband's arms fly;  
Lord! where do they think they must go when they die?

But next day by Husband, with 'Prentice Boy caught,  
When she from the bed was to Toilet-glass brought,  
Her Head he held up, with this gentle Rebuke—  
My dear! you was wishing to know how Whores look!

Turn your eyes to that table, at once you will see  
What faces Jades wear; then, my dear, behold ME:  
Your Features confess the Adulterers clear,  
My Visage exhibits how Cuckolds appear.

You ask'd where bad Wives go? why, really, my chick,  
You must, with the rest of them, go to Old Nick!  
If Belzebub don't such damn'd Tenants disown,  
For bad Wives, he knows, make a hell of their own.

All the world wou'd be wed, if the Clergy could shew,  
Any rule in the service to change I for O:  
How happy the Union of Marriage wou'd prove,  
Not long as we Live join'd, but long as we Love.

At his-feet she sunk down, Sorrow lent her such moans,  
That Resentment was gagg'd by her tears and her tones.  
What cou'd Hubby do then? what cou'd then Hubby do?  
But Sympathy slack, as she cry'd, he cry'd too.

Oh Corregio! cou'd I Sigismunda design,  
Or exhibit a Magdalen, Guido, like thine,  
I would paint the fond Look with the Penitent stole,  
That pierc'd her soft Partner, and sunk to his Soul,

Transported to doating! he rais'd the Distress'd,  
And tenderly held her long time to his breast:  
On the Bed gently laid her, by her gently laid,  
And the Breach there was clos'd the same way it was  
made.

THE.



## THE TAYLOR DONE OVER.

A TAYLOR I once was as blithe as e'er need be,  
 Until love, alas! has a devil fure made me;  
 I that was so luffy, was call'd Will the Rover,  
 Am now a poor skeleton, Oh! I'm done over.

How many a day have I stood with great pleasure,  
 And cut out my cloth to my customer's measure;  
 With a full yard for cabbage, I liv'd then in clover,  
 But Sue's cruel frowns has me almost done over.

When first I beheld her in filks dress'd so gayly,  
 I fell into fits, and they troubled me daily;  
 Oh! how cruel must she be! the sight could not move her!  
 I fear that these fits will one day do me over.

Next time that I saw her pass by my shop window,  
 My goose (being hot) burn'd a sleeve to a cinder;  
 The Girls do so jeer me, that I can go no where,  
 Was ever poor Taylor so badly done over?

The last time I saw her was with a bold Sailor,  
 She smil'd, and she said, 'There's the done over Taylor!'  
 'Good bye,' said she, 'Stitch-louse, I'm going to Dover!'  
 So there is an end, for the Taylor's done over.

## A SOLDIER'S SONG.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes!  
 Sound, sound the trumpets, beat, beat the drums;  
 From port to port let cannons roar,  
 He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare;  
 Loudly, loudly rend the echoing air:  
 From pole to pole your joys resound,  
 For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

THE

## THE LITTLE PLOUGH-BOY.

A FLAXEN-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,  
 And next a merry plough-boy, I whistled o'er the lea ;  
 But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,  
 And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face :  
 When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's bill,  
 My Master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill,  
 When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,  
 You'll forget the little Plough-boy, that whistled o'er  
 the Lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've got the pelf,  
 I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in myself,  
 Whatever's good for me, Sir, I never will oppose,  
 When all my AYES are sold off, why then I'll sell my  
 NOES ;  
 I'll bawl, harangue and paragraph, with speeches charm  
 the ear,  
 And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll sit down a peer ;  
 In court or city honour so great I'll be,  
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the  
 Lea.

## SHANNON'S FLOWERY BANKS.

IN summer when the leaves were green and blossoms  
 deck'd each tree,  
 Young Teddy then declar'd his love, his artless love to me,  
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat, and there he told his  
 tale ;  
 Oh Patty, softest of thy sex, let love, fond love prevail.  
 Ah, well-a-day, you see me pine in sorrow and despair,  
 Yet heed me not then, let me die and end my grief and  
 care ;  
 Ah, no dear youth, I softly said such love demand my  
 thanks,  
 And here I vow eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry  
banks,  
And then we gather'd sweetest flow'rs, and play'd such  
artless pranks,  
But woe is me, the pres-gang came and forc'd my Ned  
away,  
Just when we nam'd next morning fair to be our wed-  
ding-day.  
My love (he cry'd) they force me hence, but still my  
heart is thine,  
All peace be your's, my gentle Pat, while war and toil  
is mine.  
With riches I'll return to thee, I sobb'd out words of  
thanks,  
And then we vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry  
banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry  
banks,  
And then I saw him sail away and join the hostile banks;  
From morn to eve, for twelve dull months, his absence  
sad I mourn'd,  
The peace was made, the ship came back, but Teddy  
ne'er return'd;  
His beauteous face and manly form has won a nobler fair,  
My Teddy's false, and I forlorn must die in sad despair.  
Ye gentle Maidens, see me laid, while you stand round  
in ranks,  
And plant a willow o'er my grave on Shannon's flow'ry  
banks.

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### THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'Twas summer when softly the breezes were blowing,  
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,  
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,  
I sat myself down on the Banks of the Dee:  
Flow on, lovely Dee—flow on, thou sweet river,  
Thy banks, purest streams, shall be dear to me ever;  
'Twas there I first gain'd the affection and favour  
Of Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

But

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,  
 To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;  
 Ah! yet there is hopes of his speedy returning,  
 To wander again on the Banks of the Dee:  
 He's gone, hopeful youth, on the loud roaring billows,  
 The kindest, the bravest of all his dear fellows,  
 And left me alone, on the once-loved willows,  
 The loneliest maid on the Banks of the Dee.

Time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,  
 Blest Peace may return my lov'd soldier to me,  
 When he comes home with such care I'll watch o'er him,  
 He ne'er shall again leave the Banks of the Dee:  
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,  
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,  
 While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,  
 And tasting again of the sweets of the Dee.

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### THE PROKER.

ABOUT twenty years ago, Ally Croker made a great  
 noise,  
 And was bawl'd about the streets by the dirty little boys,  
 Tho' her face was more cleaner than the yellow oaker,  
 I'd sing a better song about a little proker.

O the sweet the pretty little proker,  
 I'd sing a better song about a little proker.

'Twas in Ballyporeen, of the county I've forgot the name,  
 But it was in Ireland, so it is all the same,  
 A great fat greasy landlady, so fat the devil choak her,  
 She accus'd poor Paddy Ponsonby with stealing of her  
 proker.

O the sweet, &c.

Now Pat he was a grenadier in what they call the light-  
 horse,  
 And a cleaner tight fellow upon my soul there never was,  
 Then

Then Pat he roar'd out, Blood an'ouns, do you take me  
for a stoker.

From the devil's fire-side, I'd come to steal away your  
proker,

Bad luck to you, you bitch, and your dirty lousy  
proker, &c.

Why Sir, says she, I neither knows nor cares about you  
at all at all,

But since you are for quarrelling, and determined to  
keep up the ball,

You must take your bible-oath, and without any joker,  
That you neither know from word or deed about the  
little proker.

The devil fly away with you and your dirty back-  
guard proker.

Now Pat he swore by the Hill of Howth, and by the  
Holy Father too,

By all the saints in the calendar gather'd there together  
too,

By the handle of his body, and by the bread he broke  
here,

That he neither knew from word or deed about the little  
proker.

D—mn you, you bitch, and your dirty lousy  
proker, &c.

Now all that you could say or do had no effect upon her,  
Because as why, says she, you know you never pledged  
your honour,

With that he started back, clapp'd his hand behind his  
cloke here,

Touch my honour, touch my life, zounds, woman,  
there's your proker.

O the sweet the pretty little proker,  
I'd sing a better song about a little proker.

DOWN



# DOWN THE BURN, DAVY LOVE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,  
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;  
 When Mary was complete fifteen,  
 And love laugh'd in her eye ;  
 Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move  
 To speak her mind thus free ;  
 Gang down the burn, Davy love,  
 And I will follow thee.

Down the burn, &c.

Now Davy did each lad surpass,  
 That dwelt on this burn side,  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
 Just meet to be a bride :  
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,  
 Her een was bonny blue,  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew ;  
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

As down the burn they took their way,  
 What tender tales they said !  
 His cheeks to her he aft did lay,  
 And with her bosom play'd ;  
 Till baith at length impatient grown,  
 To be mair fully blest,  
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down,  
 Love only saw the rest.  
 Blithe Davys blinks, &c.

As faith had dealt to him a'routh,  
 Strait to the kirk he led her,  
 There plighted her his faith and trowth,  
 And a bonny bride he made her ;  
 No more a'fham'd to own her love,  
 Or speak her mind thus free,  
 Gang down the burn, Davy love,  
 And I will follow thee.

Down the burn, &c.

SELECT

## SELECT COUNTRY DANCES.

*General Jackoo.*

**R**IGHT-hands across, half around left-hands, back again, lead down the middle, up again, and cast, allemand with your partner, hands six round.

*The Nymph.* Turn hands quite round, and cast off, then turn left-hands, set three and three top and bottom, and turn your partner, set three and three side-ways, and turn your partner, hands six round, same back again.

*The Fairies.* The first gentleman set and turn the third lady, the first lady do the same with the third gentleman, lead through the bottom, and cast up, lead through the top, and cast off, hands four round at the bottom, right and left at top.

*The Siege of Curzola.* Hey contrary sides, then on your own sides lead down the middle, up again, and cast off, hands four round at the bottom, right and left at top.

*The Combat.* The first gentleman turn the second lady, the first lady turn the second gentleman, first, second and third couple promenade quite round, cross over first couple, lead through the top, and cast off, hands six quite round.

*The Enchanted Wood.* Right-hands across, left-hands back again, lead down the middle, up again, and cast off, allemand with your partner, right and left at top.

*Harlequin Vagaries.* The first couple allemand with the right-hand, then with the left, first and second couples set and change sides, the same back again, lead down the middle, up again, and cast off, hands six round.

*The Mail Coach.* The first couple turn right-hands half round left-hands, back again, the second couple  
do

do the same, first and second couple promenade round, first couple lead down the middle, up again, and cast off.

*Vauxhall Jubilee.* Cast off two couples, up again, right hands across, left hands back again, lead down the middle, up again, and cast off, allemand with your partner.

*The Royal Grove.* Half figure on the contrary side and allemand, figure up on your own side and allemand across over two couple, lead up with allemand passes, and cast off.

*The Fortune Hunters.* Cast off two couple, lead up to top and cast off, hands, four at bottom, right and left at top.

*The Revelee.* Turn right-hands round, left-hands back again, lead down two couple, cast up one couple, set three and three top and bottom, then side-ways, hands six quite round.

*The Heirefs.* Cast off two couple, and up again, cross over two couple, up again, and cast off, hands four quite round at bottom, right and left at top.

*The Ferry Boat.* The first gentleman sets to the second lady, and turns her, the first lady sets to the second gentleman, and turns, cross over quite round the second couple, gallop down two couple, up again, foot it, and cast off.

*The Morning Rout.* The first gentleman lead the second round, the first and second ladies then turn both hands with their partners, ladies do the same, hands across four, and back again, lead through the second couple, and cast off.

*The Happy Fishermen.* First gentleman foot it to the second lady, and turn his partner, first lady foot it to second gentleman, and do the same, cross over two couple, lead up one, and turn, hands six round, lead to the top, cast off.

*The Polonese.* Cast off first couple lead through the bottom, and cast up one, lead through the top, and cast off, hands six round, right and left at top.

*Rolling-*

*Rolling Tom.* The first and second couple foot it, and change sides, the same back again, cross over one couple, right and left at top.

*The Irish Lottery.* Right-hands across, left-hands back again, change sides, and back again, lead down the middle, up again, and cast off, allemand with your partner.

*The Ramp.* The first, second and third gentleman take hands and go round their partners, the ladies do the same, the first couple go round with the allemand till they come in their places again, the second and third couple follow, cross over, and right and left.

*The Disbanded Officer.* Lead down two couple, and ballance allemand, up again, and ballance allemand, the three first couple ballance all round, cast off right and left.

*The Fairy's Joy.* Half right and left, and back again, cast off hands four with the third couple, right and left at top.

*The Prussian Dragoon.* H-v contrary sides, then on your own side, hands six quite round, lead through the third couple, and cast up, one lead to the top, and cast off.

*Tumbling and Trampling.* The first and second couple hands across half round, the same back again, lead down the middle, up again, and cast off.

*Aldridge's Hornpipe.* Six hands round twice, three couple link and dance round see saw and right and left.

*Andrew Cary.* Cast off two couple, and back again, cross over two couple, set long corners, dance out at the sides, and turn your partner.

*All Alive.* Cast off and four hands round with 3d couple, dance down the middle, up again, cast off and right and left.

*Bonny Lads.* Cast off two couple and back again, set and baulk long corners, and between each setting, to set and baulk to your partner, then set long corners, out at the sides and turn your partner.

*Brown's Rant.* Dance back and change places, cro's over two couple, lead up and set long corners, out at the sides and turn your partner,

*Basket of Oysters.* Cast off two couple and up again, dance down the middle and up again, cast off, set corner ways, lead out at the sides and turn.

*Bucks of Westmeath.* Dance, back and change places, lead down the middle and up again, cast off, hands round with third couple, right and left at top.

*Baltioura.* Dance down the middle two couple, hook with right-arm, turn and cast up one couple, hook with left arm and cast up to the top; cast off one couple, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

*Conner's Hornpipe.* Thrice hand round with second woman, ditto with second man, first and second couple dance back, foot it and turn their partner, ditto and turn again, cro's over one couple and right and left.

*Dainty Davy.* Dance down the middle, one couple back again, cast off one couple, and dance down another couple, cast off one more, then six hands round, lead up to the top and cast off one couple, then first man hook 3d woman, then his partner; then hook 2d woman, and his partner again, dance outside and turn your partner.

*Widow Dickens.* Cast off one couple and turn partner, ditto another couple and turn again, then fall in between third man and woman, all four in a breast, ditto with second man and woman, lead up and cast off one couple, hands-a-cro's with third couple, see saw with ditto, right and left with second couple.

*Nancy Dawson.* First and second couple dance back and change places, first couple cro's over one couple, second couple do the same, right and left hands a-cro's, lead down the middle one couple, foot it, right and left.

*Fanny's Fancy.* Dance down one couple, turn your partner, cast off another, turn your partner six hands round, lead up to top, cast off one couple, and right and left.

*Follow*



*Follow me Lads.* Hands a cross and back again, cross over one couple right and left.

*Hamilton's Rant.* Cast off two couple and back again, then the man to fall in between 3d man and woman, the woman at the same time fall in between 2d man and 2d woman, all footing it at one time: Then the man to fall in between 2d and 3d woman, and the woman to fall in between 2d and 3d man and foot it, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

*Hey me, Nancy.* First man beckons to his partner, and casts off two couple, she beckons to him, and returns back again, then cross over two couple, set long corners, dance out all sides and turn.

*Hole in the Wall.* Cast off one couple, and hook, up to the top and hook, heys contrary partners, set corners and out at the sides.

*Highland Reel.* Dance down two couple and up again, six hands round and back again, dance and turn your partners, right and left at top.

*The Irish Lasses.* Cast off one couple, dance to your partner, cast off another, the same: dance down the middle, up again and cast off at top, change sides with 3d couple, dance down the middle, up again, and right and left with 2d couple.

*Jack's Alive.* Right and left-hands across, cross over 2d couple, lead up to the top, cast off, one couple six hands round, right and left at top.

*Kitty's Wedding.* First and second couple dance back and change places, cross over one couple, right and left.

*Ligruncus.* Right and left hands across with second couple, then first man beckon to his partner and cast off 2d couple, she beckons to him, and returns back, then changes places, and first man dance with second woman, first woman do the same with second woman at the same time, then change again, and dance back with second couple, cross over and right and left.

*Lads of Air.* First man dance to second woman, he cast down and she at the same time; second man and first

first woman do the same, right and left hands across: 1st man set and turn 2d woman, 2d man ditto with 1st woman, lead down the middle one couple, foot it right and left.

*Lady Berkley's Whim.* Cast off two couple, up again, fall in three below and three above, six hands round and back again, dance to your partner and turn, right and left at top.

*Miners of Wicklow.* Cast off one couple and foot it, ditto another couple and back again, lead down the middle two couple and back again, then cast off one couple, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

*Maloney's Fig.* [See Miners of Wicklow.]

*Merry Dancers.* Dance back and change places; first man set and turn 2d woman, first woman with 2d man, cross over one couple, and right and left.

*The Major.* Cross over to the bottom, then see saw to top, all the company join hands and dance round, cast off and gallop to the bottom.

*Dusty Miller.* Half heys below 3d couple, across over between 2d and 3d couple, hook and turn your partner; then hook and turn long corners, and between each corner to hook and turn your partner, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

*Piper's Maggot.* Cast off two couple and back again, lead down the middle to second couple's place, and cast up to the top, then cross over two couple, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

*Peas upon a Trencher.* First and second couple dance back and change places, cross over two couple, set long corners, dance out at the sides, foot it, and turn your partner.

*Priest in his Boots.* Right and left hands a-cross, cross over one couple, and right and left.

*Queen of Hearts.* Hook with right arm and turn, cast off one couple, and ditto with left arm, four hands round twice, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

TOASTS,

# TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, &c.

**T**HE yeomen of Ireland, and a downfall to the  
Aristocracy.

The majesty of the People.

May our cannons speak the voice of the people, if our  
H—— of C—— will not.

A speedy downfall to a corrupt H—— of Commons.

*The Constitution*—Arms to defend, and spirit to support.

May corruption cease to be measures of our rulers,

May the dread of a foreign enemy never make us for-  
get our domestic foes.

The Volunteers of Ireland—May they prove a terror  
to their foreign, and a scourge to their domestic foes.

May the number of our Volunteers equal the number  
of the men of Ireland.

Cæsar's fate to the first man that proposes a union be-  
tween Great-Britain and Ireland.

A speedy downfall to those magistrates who dispose of  
the rights of their fellow-citizens, to aggrandize  
themselves.

The virtuous minority of 110.

The 12th of October, 1779,

The infant manufactures of Ireland.

The linen trade of Ireland.

The exports of Ireland, and the enemies of it the first.

The King of Ireland.

The Queen and her children.

The *liberty*, not the licentiousness of the press.

Prosperity to Ireland and her legitimate sons, and a  
speedy conversion to her spurious progeny.

A union of sentiment and interest to the men of Ireland.

An Irish administration supported by the men of Ireland  
not by the venal purchase of an aristocratic faction.

The united states of America.

A proper adjustment without deceit to the trade  
Ireland.

Pleasure here, and happiness hereafter.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful,

Health in freedom, and content in bondage.

K

L

Lenity to the faults of others, and judgment to correct  
our own.

May providence unite the hearts that love.

May authority be amiable without debasing its dignity.

May we learn to know our own hearts better, and trust  
them less.

May we never pronounce certain judgment without  
certain knowledge.

May we never condemn that in others, which we  
would pardon in ourselves.

May we never find charms in beauty wheremodesty is  
wanting.

May we always have a friend, and know his value.

May we never condemn by hear say, nor applaud by  
fashion.

May we be faithful to our friends, and generous to  
our enemies.

May our pride never increase our enemies, nor put  
our friends to flight.

May our happiness be sincere and our joys everlasting.  
Sense to gain a heart, and merit to keep it.

May our distinguishing mark be merit rather than  
money.

May our days be long and our hearts merry.

The sweets of friendship and the joys of love.

May our virtues be rather the effect of religion, than  
the gift of nature.

Health and content to all our absent friends.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

The man of my hopes, and the hopes of my heart.

More industry and less vanity to the people of Ireland.

May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends  
to nothing but merit.

Constancy in love and sincerity in friendship.

A head to earn, and a heart to spend.

May all honest souls find a friend in need.

All good men great, and great men good.

May kissing flourish and vice decay.

Community, Unity, Navigation, and Trade.

May our love like our wine improve by its age.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

Long live the King.

May

May the man we love be honest, and the land we live  
in free.

The honest patriot and unbiaſſed Irishman.

May power ever continue in the friends of Ireland.

The steady friends of Ireland.

May we never meet an old friend with a new face.

May we never give ourselves the denial by asking what  
we have no right to obtain.

May we never imagine ourselves in want, by looking  
at the abundance of others.

May we never murmur at the things that must be, but  
patiently bear the ills we cannot redress.

Union, Stability, and Fidelity, among the friends of  
liberality, a Health to all honest men, a trip up to  
all Scoundrels, and may the devil ride rough-shod  
over the Rascally part of the Creation.

Health, Love, and ready Rhino, to all that you and I  
know.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

May we never desire plenty, but to relieve the unhap-  
py, and succour the distressed.

May the cares which bound the heart of the covetous,  
never disturb our peace.

May poverty never oppress us, nor riches make us  
proud.

May we never be influenced by jealousy or governed  
by interest.

May we never be so covetous as to live like beggars for  
fear of being poor.

May hemp bind him, whom honour cannot.

A well spent life to make old age happy.

Provision to the unprovided.

Happy to meet, happy to part, and happy to meet again.

Love to one, friendship to a few, and good will to all.

Relief to all oppressed, and distressed.

Independency and a genteel sufficiency.

May our best days past be the worst to come.

May the honest heart never know distress.

The pleasures that please on reflection.

Success to the lover and joy to the beloved.

Love without fear, and life without care.

Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of Ireland.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

May



May we never be so base as to envy the happiness of others.

May we never think a rich man wise, merely for his wealth.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

May we have in our arms, those we love in our hearts.

May we rather endeavour to kill an injury by neglect, than injure ourselves by revenge.

Every man good and every woman pleased.

Health, joy and mutual love.

Content in a cottage, and envy to none.

May the borough of a-Thigh never want a standing Member.

May he who wants friendship, also want friends.

Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.

May the happiness of others, rather melt us to tears of sensibility, than the smile of indifference.

Here's C — Claret, and Cash.

May our joys with the fair, give pleasure to the heart.

Good trade and well paid.

Friendship without interest and love without deceit.

The tea of life, creamed with love, and sweeten'd with matrimony.

The spring of life and harvest of enjoyment.

May the single be married, and the married happy.

Health and pleasure, mirth and ease.

May the better fortunes of others, never put us out of conceit with our own.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a halter.

Healthis, hearts, homes, and inclinations.

Long live great George our King.

F I N I S.

